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The Curse that Blesses.

Lord! what a busy, restless thing
Hast thou made man!
Each day and hour he is on wing,
Rests not a span.
Then having lost the sun and light,
By cloud surprised,
He keeps a commerce in the night
With air disguised.
Had'st thou given to this active rest
A state untired
The lost son had not left the husk
Nor home desired.
That was thy secret, and it is
Thy mercy too;
For when all fails to bring to bliss
Then they must do.
Ah Lord! and what a purchase that will be
To take us sick, that sound would not take thee!

Looking Back.

I may live long, but some old days
Of dear, deep joy akin to pain—
Some suns that set on woodland ways
Will never rise for me again;
By shining sea, and glad, green shore
That frolic waves ran home to kiss,
Some words I heard that nevermore
Will thrill me with their mystic bliss.

O love! still throbs your living heart—
You have not crossed death's sullen tide—
A deeper deep holds us apart;
We were more near if you had died—
If you had died in those old days
When light was on the shining sea,
And all the fragrant woodland ways
Were paths of hope for you and me.

Dead leaves are in the woodland ways—
Cold are the lips that used to kiss;
'Twere idle to recall those days,
Or sigh for all that vanished bliss!
Do you still wear your old-time grace,
And charm new loves with ancient wiles?
Could I but watch your faithless face,
I'd know the meaning of your smiles.

CAPTAIN KIDD'S TREASURE.

Old Johnson Mower was a surly, discontented fellow, who thirty years ago kept a little inn on one of the highways near the south coast of Loug Island. It was a poor place enough, with the house and all about it run to dilapidation and decay; and a very scanty living did Johnson get by the keeping of this tavern, with the poor entertainment that he furnished to man and beast. But the place was well suited to its tenant, whose life had been dreamed away with impracticable schemes for money getting, and who had come here in his last years, partly because it was the only chance that opened to him, but particularly to prosecute the business of money digging. He had lately read several accounts of the life and doings of Captain Kidd, and he had been impressed with the fact that these narratives, while differing widely on other points, substantially agreed on these—that Kidd's treasure, or the bulk of it, was buried somewhere about the waters of New York, and that it had never been unearthed. From the moment that his mind was directed to this subject he became a secret enthusiast about it. He pondered upon it, dreamed over it, and had no heart or inclination for anything else. He convinced himself without much trouble that all his ill-luck in life was now to be recompensed by such a stroke of good fortune as would make him a millionaire. He believed former unsuccessful searchers after this treasure had not gone systematically to work, as he meant to do, and certainly had not looked in the right places. For numerous reasons perfectly satisfactory to himself, he believed that the south shore of Long Island, quite near the city, was the depository where the freebooter's wealth had lain undisturbed for two centuries; and with his mind convinced in advance, it is not singular that he dreamed of that locality three nights in succession. That was quite enough to determine him, if he had lacked the resolution before. He succeeded in getting the worthless old house where we find him, living at a nominal rent, and by the pretense of keeping an inn, which those who put trust in him found anything but a reality, he managed to keep soul and body together, while he secretly prosecuted his anxious exploration for the buried treasure. He had few neighbors; the old house was in a lonely, unattractive spot; and those who knew anything about him or saw anything of him never imagined that the poor old object, who slept and nodded most of the day in the sun, on a bench in front of the house, was devoting the whole night and every night to solitary prowlings about the beach and through the woods with a spade, digging here and there as his fancy or its dreams directed him, and constantly nerved up to the performance of this hard, physical toil by the hope of finding immense riches.

But no success had thus far rewarded the old man's efforts. The summer had passed, and September was fast lapsing, and not a copper, nor a coin or an article of any value, had he turned up with his busy spade. His labor had been so constant and so severe for three months that it told heavily on him; he had contracted a troublesome cough by continual exposure to the night air, and his rheumatism was aggravated by it. Still he did not think of giving up; certainly not before the frost and snow had locked up the earth so that it would be impossible for him to dig. He nourished his enthusiasm, and persevered with astonishing ardor in his night explorations.

It was at twilight of one night toward the last of September, that, as old Mower sat on the bench, impatiently waiting for darkness, two men walked down the road toward the house, and paused. They seemed to be consulting together; but after a moment they slowly approached the old man, as he sat there alone.

"Good evening, sir," said one. "Can you give us something to eat?"

"You'll pay, won't you?" asked Johnson.

"Oh, certainly, I didn't mean that you were to give us a meal. I guess we're able to pay—hey, Jack?"

"I reckon," replied his companion, slapping his pocket and causing a pleasant chinking of coin. "What have you got?"

"Oh, I can give you some bread and cheese—or crackers and cheese, if you choose—and some sweet cider. Step right in here, gentlemen;" and the shabby old landlord bustled about with vast airs of importance.

The strangers looked at each other, smiled, laughed, and shook their sides with merriment.

"Champagne and pheasants last night, and cider and cheese to-night!" one of them exclaimed. "How's that, George?"

"Pretty rich," was the laughing reply. "Never mind, you know we're on business to-night, and only want something to stay hunger, without much regard for quality. Fetch on your cheese and fixings, Uncle Jacob, and we'll keep some of it from spoiling."

Johnson set out the rickety table in the room within, that answered for dining room and parlor, though looking little enough like either, and then placed his humble victuals upon it, grumbling all the time at the insolence of his guests, which he thought it best not to resent openly. He had observed them closely during his conversation, and saw that they were city men, rather young, with immense black mustaches, stylish clothes, and showy rings and breastpins. When the host announced the repast as ready, one of them said:

"Well, we'll attend to it. We sha'n't want you for a few minutes."

Johnson could not misunderstand so broad a hint, and accordingly withdrew, but not very far. These were guests of a very unusual kind, and seemed to have plenty of money. They were evidently from New York; and what business could they have in this unfrequented place? The old man's occupation had made him sly and watchful, and his curiosity was so much excited by the appearance of this party that he resolved to watch them, and try to find out their business. So closing the door after him he walked into the next room with some noise and then tip-toed silently back and listened. The strangers were evidently hungry, for by the sounds that he heard he judged that they were making short work of the repast. Presently he heard a murmur of conversation, but he could not catch a word of it. He put down his head and crowded his ear as far as he could get it into the angle formed by the door and the casing, and—could he believe it? The word "jewels" was plainly spoken by one of them, and then he heard something about "money," and he was quite sure the word "hidden" was also used. It was impossible to tell in what connection the words were spoken, but he had certainly heard them, sweet, significant words as they were to him. The old man was electrified. Guesses and suspicions of the nature of the "business" that had brought these men here flashed upon him, and hints of the true interpretation to be given to some remarkable and puzzling dreams that had lately troubled his slumbers on the bench were not wanting in that moment. He continued to listen intently, but he heard nothing more of this nature, and hearing a noise within that indicated the rising of his guests from the table, he hurried away to avoid discovery.

One of the men came out and requested him to come into the room with them for a moment. He complied, and the door was promptly shut behind him.

"Pretty good provender this for hungry men, after all, Uncle Jacob," said one of the men, leaning over on the table, with his hat in his hand. "Take that."

He threw down a coin on the table, and it rang most musically in Johnson's ears. Rang? yes, and glittered, too. He snatched it up and found it a five dollar gold piece.

"No mistake, my jolly old cove," said the man, observing the landlord's look of wonder. "Keep it all; we'll show you a way to get more, if you'll give us a little help. I say," and he spoke quite low, and bent his head nearer; "have you got such a thing as a spade about here, Uncle Jacob?"

A spade! The words thrilled through Johnson Mower like a charge of electricity. He was certain now what were the objects of his guests.

"Yes," he answered, with a grumbling voice and an unwilling manner; "but I don't lend it, because I've only got one, and——"

"Oh, bother that!" interrupted the man, impatiently. "Do you see this?"

He held up a gold eagle to the old man, and the latter looked at it wistfully.

"Now, I propose to buy your spade, and give you that for it."

"It's a bargain!" cried Mower. "I'll bring it right in."

"Don't hurry; take it cool," said the other, throwing him the coin. "This ain't all. Can you make mum, old fellow, and not blab? I mean when it's made an object for you to hold your tongue.

"Yes, yes, yes," cried Mower, trembling all over with excitement.

"Well—don't get nervous; I haven't told you anything yet, and shan't tell you much. Here's all we want of you: never to tell anybody that we've been here. We're going to quit you in two minutes, and you're not to follow us, or watch where we go. You may have strange men about here in a day or two, trying to find out if we've been here. You don't know us, mind! you never saw any such chaps as they'll tell you of; you're sure there's been no such coves here all summer. That's your cue, remember. Now that's easy enough; can you make twenty dollars any easier?"

"I'll do it! I'll do it!" Mower exclaimed, with alacrity. "I'll be as secret as the grave."

"You'll tell nobody?"

"No, not a soul; on my honor, no!"

The shining double eagle that the man held tempting forth in his fingers was transferred to the pocket of Mower, and the three went out of the house. The spade was produced; and with a parting injunction to the host to remember his promise, the guests plunged into the darkness. The old man could not see them; but he distinctly heard them climbing the fence on the further side of the road.

"They're bound for Norman's Woods—I know it!" he chuckled; and without a moment's hesitation he stealthily followed.

Guided by the faint sound of their feet in advance, he skulked along, stopping whenever the cessation of the sound indicated that they had paused to see if they were followed. The way led across a wide meadow to a thick wood, and when Mower heard the crackling of leaves under their feet as they entered the wood, he took extraordinary precautions against discovery. He lay flat down on the ground, and worked himself painfully along, serpentwise, still guided by the sound, until they had penetrated some distance into the wood, when they paused. There was a subdued flicker of light, which instantly disappeared; and satisfied that they had reached the scene of their projected operations, the watcher worked himself forward until he was not more than a rod off. There, lying prone to the ground, and peering around the trunk of an enormous oak that completely hid him, he eagerly watched and listened.

The two had paused at the foot of a great rock that rose in an irregular ledge of about five feet in height. It formed at this place a retreating angle of perhaps four feet in width. One of the men held a dark lantern, and by its aid they were thoroughly examining the place. Their talk was very low, almost in whispers; but a word now and then reached the wide open ears of the spy. The following is the substance of what he heard:

"——here——"

"—— should think ——"

"Yes —— angle of rock——"

"—— you see. Due north from——"

"Of course, —— always find it."

The spade was now put in requisition; and for the next hour the two took turns, one watching against surprise, and often standing so near to Mower that the latter drew his breath slowly and painfully, for fear of detection, (which he expected would certainly result in his instant death), while the other dug and delved at the outer part of the angle, the lantern being placed within it so that its light was well hidden. The ground was hard and stony, and the occasional striking of the spade on the rock was followed by a muttered curse on the noise. At length after both had labored steadily for at least an hour, the labor was suspended, and both men knelt over the hole they had made. Their backs were toward Mower, and he could not see what they were doing, though he would have given a leg to have been lying on the ledge over their heads, that he might look straight down upon their operations. As it was, he could only lie perfectly still, and await their movements.

They remained crouched over the hole some time, when they rose and carefully filled it up, smoothed it over, and then scattered leaves on the earth to hide the traces of their work. One of them took the spade and pushed it out of sight into the angle, where there was certainly no fear of any person looking for hidden articles; and then both of them turned and walked swiftly away. They did not return to the tavern; had they done so, the absence of Johnson must have excited their suspicions, and this short history would probably have had a more tragical termination. Their course was toward the nearest railroad station, and before daylight they were two hundred miles away.

The heart of Johnson Mower gave a great bound as the strangers turned away, and he saw that neither of them carried anything in their hands except the dark lantern.

"They haven't taken it away," was his thought, "except perhaps some in their pockets. They only came to see if 'twas safe, and get a little of it."

He lay there for two hours, afraid to stir for the thought that the men might be watching close by to assure themselves that no one had witnessed their noctural visit—lay there, gloating in the prospect of the wealth that he was about to unearth, and never troubled by any question of title.

"It's no more theirs than mine, if they don't appropriate it," was his reflection. "Kidd buried it there for the man that could first get it and take it away, and if they're fools enough not to keep it when they once get it, that's their own look out."

The night passed on; nothing was astir, and nothing was heard save the insect noises of the wood. It must have been near midnight when the old man stole from his concealment, and, drawing forth the spade, scraped away the leaves, and began to remove the earth.

He labored at great disadvantage, for he could not see what progress he made, or if he dug directly in the spot which had just been excavated. But he persevered, and in time he heard the spade strike a metalic substance. He freed it from dirt, and removing it from the hole, found it to be a small tin box, covered with canvas.

His excitement was now so great that he resolved not to investigate further that night, but to return home, examine his prize, and, returning before daylight, to finish the examination and remove all traces of it.

He hurried back to the old house, locked himself in the room where he had held his interview with the men, and tearing off the canvas, he found the lid of the box confined by a padlock. He procured a hammer and broke the lock, so that the lid could be lifted; and within it his eager eyes saw a package wrapped in oilcloth. His trembling fingers tore off this wrapping, and others that were underneath, when a velvet case was disposed. He opened it—and there was the treasure!

Aye! there it was! Gold crosses, gold chains, gold rings, gold ornaments, heavy and solid, of rare and beautiful workmanship, and of a value that he could easily estimate at thousands.

But on the other side of the case!—ah! there was the real prize! Pearl necklaces, heavy seal rings, set with precious stones, whose names he did not know, and slender rings blazing with diamonds; breastpins, charms, lockets, buttons, all flashing with rubies and amethysts, and garnets, and what else he knew not!

Here, indeed, were thousands of dollars in value! He clasped the great case, and clasping it to his heart, danced about the room, chuckling to himself in the overflow of his joy.

"Captain Kidd's treasure! Captain Kidd's treasure! No, no! Johnson Mower's treasure! Johnson Mower's treasure!"

He could not sleep a wink that night. He did not attempt to sleep. He walked about the room, or sat restlessly on a stool, hugging the jewel-case to his heart, forming golden plans for the future, and whispering to himself:

"Johnson's treasure!"

He was back again promptly before daylight to continue his search at the rock; but he found nothing more. The hole had evidently been dug no further; and, somewhat disappointed that there was no money, but still exulting in his great discovery, he filled up the cavity, replaced the leaves, and took the spade home.

"A profitable spade, Johnson!" he chuckled. "I'll keep it till the owners call for it."

The poor infatuated man did not wait long enough to take any nourishment; before sunrise he was on the road to the ferry, and by ten o'clock he was walking up Broadway, jostled by the pouring crowd of all nations, ages, and conditions that throng that mighty thoroughfare, pressing his hand over his breast, where he had concealed the jewel-case inside his coat, and with the other hand tight shut on a diamond ring in his pocket which he had taken from the case to sell.

Reaching a large store where a brilliant display of jewelry was made behind the great plate-glass windows, he entered, and pronouncing the ring to a man behind the counter, whose keen business aspect was much clouded just then by a look of trouble he asked:

"Sir, what will you give me in money for this ring?"

"We don't buy," the salesman began; but catching a glimpse of the offered ring he turned, vaulted over the counter, and caught poor old Johnson firmly by the collar with both hands.

"Guard the doors, boys—run for the police—help, help!" he vociferated; and three of the clerks came running to his aid, followed in a few moments by two policemen.

"Search the old scoundrel!" cried the salesman. "He just offered for sale one of the rings that was in the case that those thieves snatched out of my hand here yesterday afternoon.

Johnson was searched, and the case was quickly found, with nothing missing but the ring that he held in his hand. The salesman fairly danced with joy at this unexpected reception, and Johnson was dragged off to jail, struggling and fiercely demanding that his jewels be returned to him.

He was tried and convicted a few weeks after for receiving stolen property, knowing it to be stolen. He had no lawyer, and was defended as well as the tremendous case made out against him would admit, by counsel assigned by the court. He was promptly convicted by the jury without leaving their seats; and when asked by the presiding judge before sentence what he had to say for himself, the old man rose, and with his voice trembling with grief, and weakness from confinement, solemnly stated the real facts of the case, as they are substantially narrated in the foregoing paragraphs. His forlorn appearance, and the conscious innocence of his speech, created a feeling in his favor; but when he seriously asserted that he had not the least doubt in the world that the jewels in question were a part of Kidd's buried treasure, and that he thought he was rightfully entitled to a great part of them, a broad smile pervaded the whole court-room.

"Sir," said the judge, "any advice would be wasted on you after this. The man who gets ten thousand dollars' worth of jewels into his possession in the manner in which you claim to have come by them, and then act as you have acted, is necessarily either a great knave or a great fool. In either case, there is no legal excuse. I regret to find a man of your years the confederate of thieves and robbers."

And then he sentenced him to five years in the State prison.

This judge was a humane and conscientious man; and there were some things in the connection of old Mower with this strange affair that he still could not reconcile with the idea of his guilt. In calmly thinking it over afterward, he admitted to himself that upon the theory that the old man was a crazy enthusiast on the subject of buried treasure, his story might be entirely true. The matter troubled him profoundly; and when, a year later, the two men who had committed the bold robbery in the jewelry store were arrested in a distant State, and brought before him for trial, he determined to find out the truth, if possible, as to the guilt of the old man.

These men saw that they were certain to be convicted, and accordingly pleaded guilty. The judge told them that if they would truly state how they disposed of the jewels, they might expect as light a sentence as the law would allow, which would still be heavy enough to deprive the community of their society for some years. They hesitated at first, but learning that the jewels had been recovered, they concluded to tell the truth; and their statements, each being examined separately and apart from the other, tallied so exactly with that of Mower that the judge could no longer doubt the innocence of the latter. He therefore sent a brief statement of the case to the governor, with a request that Johnson Mower be pardoned; and this was immediately done.

Poor old Johnson! Before this act of justice was done him he had become a harmless, babbling fool, always wandering in his mind, and fancying himself prosecuting his midnight searches on the shore of Long Island. The warden of the prison was too humane a man to cast him on the world in this condition; and he found light and easy occupation for him about his grounds, and had him taken care of during the few remaining years of his life. The old man's mental condition never changed; his hallucination made him quite happy, and he died fully possessed with the belief that he had avowed on his trial.

Lest the reader should fancy that the tittle of this sketch is a misnomer, I will close it by declaring that it is a truthful history of the most successful attempt in more than one hundred years to discover Captain Kidd's treasure.

"Taking Cold."

Of all the erroneous notions pertaining to the preservation of health, no one is fraught with more mischief than that about taking cold. According to the popular, and, I may also say to some extent, professional view, taking cold is the greatest disease and death producer in the world. Fully eighty per cent. of those who consult physicians premise by saying, they have taken cold. If a relapse occurs during convalescence, ten to one the blame is laid on the action of cold. "My pain is greater, I must have taken cold; my cough is worse, I must have taken cold; I do not feel as well this morning, I think I have taken cold, but I don't see how," are expressions which the physician hears a dozen times a day. The latter is thereby often led to the reflection that if it were not for death-dealing colds he would have but little to do, and convalescence would seldom be interrupted. But if the physician takes the trouble to think a little more upon this subject, he will be convinced that to his own craft is due this stereotyped and never-ending complaint of his patients about taking cold. The sick and their friends nearly always take their cue about disease and its causes from the trusted family doctor; and he accounts very often indeed for an aggravation of the symptoms of those under his charge (the cause of which aggravation by the way, may be, and often is, very difficult to detect) by the easy and satisfying explanation of having taken cold. In this way he gets over the trouble of attempting to make plain to untutored minds what is often a puzzle to the most trained intellect, and at the same time shifts the responsibility for the relapse on the uncomplaining and much abused weather. So it is that men and women have been led to regard climatic changes as the greatest enemy to their health; if it were not for them, their health would be next to perfect from the beginning to the end of the year. Thousands of consumptives, especially in the first and second stages of the disease, are firmly of the opinion that if they could only escape the malign influence of one cold after another, their recovery would be assured. To this end precautions of the most thorough character are scrupulously observed, and yet cold after cold is taken; the patient, mother, or nurse knows not how.

Chinese Marriages.

A Denver Justice last week performed the ceremony of marriage between the first and second Chinese couples ever so united in Colorado Territory. The Denver *World* gives great prominence to the affair, and says that after the ceremony was completed the Justice informed the small but select audience present that the newly wedded pairs were open to congratulations and magnanimously waived his acknowledged prerogative of first saluting the blushing brides in favor of any one then present who might consider it an object. None seeming disposed to avail themselves of the opportunity offered, the happy couples were conducted to a carriage in waiting and drove off on their bridal tour. The *World* adds that the marriage of these Chinese in Colorado is of considerable importance for the reason that there are powerful influences at work to prevent such marriages. Two wealthy Chinese companies, with headquarters in San Francisco, with branches in Colorado, do an extensive and profitable business in what is really the slaveholding line. They furnish passage to men and women from China and obtain absolute control over them, obliging the poor creatures to toil up to the utmost limit of their strength for barely enough to keep the breath of life in their bodies. But the men can generally ransom themselves in a few years, pay their passage money, etc., and if they marry will get their wives out of bondage as soon as possible. Hence such marriages operate directly against the interests of the company, for the women seldom or never by their own efforts get out of debt, and the companies bring them here with the expectation of their remaining slaves for life. The *World* charges that the masters of these unfortunate women realize a large revenue from them through the most infamous means.

ASTONISHING.—Few persons are aware of the time, talent, and expense necessary to develop and perfect an invention. The new Wheeler & Wilson No. 6 Sewing Machine, advertised in our columns, has already cost that Company over $300,000, and to bring it well before the public will require $200,000 more. It costs as much to design, construct and introduce a perfect sewing machine as to launch a first-class ocean steamship.

It is suggested in an English paper that smoking be allowed during divine service, "as a means of increasing the attendance at church."

THE DEAR OLD HORSE.

I was looking one day at a print of a countryman selling a horse, which was hung up in the cafe of a small auberge where I was seated in company with an intelligent young man, who said to me, "That print reminds me of the interesting story connected with it—it happened at a fair in this place a few years ago."

I pressed him to relate it to me, and ordered in a bottle of the best Bordeaux in the house, to show my sense of his courtesy.

One gloomy autumn evening, two persons were seated, silent and sad, before an immense hearth, the fire gradually becoming extinct; a pale and uncertain light was in the room; an instantaneous brighter light at times reflected on those countenances; they glanced from one to the other, and during those momentary coruscations one would have said, looking at them, that two spectres had come there to warm their limbs, chilled by the icy coldness of the tomb.

A clock sounded—the man started, then sighed heavily. He was a man in the prime of life; with manly features, stalwart frame, and an ardent, searching eye.

"Catherine," said he, with an effort, after he had regarded his wife's suffering countenance a few seconds. "It is time—it is the Angolus."

She started in her turn.

"Eh! what, already?" said she.

And both again relapsed into that silent thoughtfulness. The neighing of a horse was heard. The woman gave a convulsive movement, sighed heavily, and placed her handkerchief before her eyes.

"Poor Bretonne!" said she, and burst into tears. "Poor Bretonne! we must separate, and never see her more!"

"Yes," said the man, in a mournful tone, "to-morrow she will have another master, and even now she does not belong to me. Pierre Marcel, whom heaven confound, is there waiting for her. Hated Norman! Poor beast, after having done me so much service, and escaped the perils of twenty campaigns, you are to become the property of that Norman horse dealer."

"No, by Heaven! he shall not have thee yet," said he, sorrowfully, to his wife; "what am I to do? I must pay him. I believe in my soul that the old sorcerer has cast a spell over me! Out of the eight fine horses that I bought from the last fair, six are dead of the epidemic; I was compelled to sell the other two at less than I gave for them, to meet my engagements. Poor Bretonne alone remains to pay my debt to the old miser, who laughs at my feelings. Oh, I hate him!"

The man put on his large felt hat, lighted his pipe, and proceeded to the stable.

The mare, at the sight of her master, neighed, and turned round as if to caress him. He saddled her in silence, tied a knot of straw to her tail, and putting on the bridle, led her out of the stable, endeavoring to move off without being noticed; but his wife and children were at the door; they wept over the poor beast, which seemed to recognize and return their fondnesses. The father, with his hand resting on her mane, silently contemplated the touching scene. In a moment he exclaimed, "Away, children, be off!" and mounted the mare, and like a man who had suddenly taken a desperate resolution, set off at a gallop.

He came to the high road, when a long string of horses passed, led by Pierre Marcel, who, when he perceived the other unhappy horse-dealer, said, in a mocking tone, "Ha, Jerome has brought me the old Bretonne, to square our accounts."

"No, old robber, I would rather give her for nothing to some other person."

"Very well, then, thou hast brought me thine own body; for I have a warrant against thee, and the mare or thyself this day I am determined to have."

"Neither one nor the other, I hope," said Jerome passed the old horse-dealer, who chuckled and cracked his whip most maliciously.

Horses arrived at the fair in great numbers. Jerome stood at the head of his mare, awaiting the inspection of the knowing looking buyers who passed between the rows of horses that were drawn up in close array; but all passed old Bretonne with indifference; for the poor beast had a dull eye, and altogether a very unprepossessing appearance. Some few opened her mouth, but on examining her age, passed on. The day advanced, and the fair began to be less crowded; anxiety, impatience, and despair were successively depicted on Jerome's face. With his eyes bent down, and his arms folded, he thought of his unhappy family. When he raised his head, he saw Pierre Marcel standing before him, with a smile of diabolical expression.

"Ah, ah!" said he, "it seems there are not many connoisseurs in horseflesh here to-day, and the mare has a prospect of belonging to me."

"Not yet," said Jerome, in a mournful voice; "it is still an hour before sunset."

"Very well," retorted Pierre, "I will return, and I know an amateur who will make thee sell her."

"Who, then?" demanded Jerome.

"Parblen!" said Pierre, "a bailiff! With him one is sure not to fail in finding a ready purchaser."

Jerome, in an agony of rage, struck the ground with the end of his whip.

"Gently, Master Jerome, gently," replied the malignant Pierre. "I will return in half an hour, when I shall expect the mare or my money, or, if thou likest better, thyself."

Jerome tried different parts of the fair, but he spoke to the dealers in vain; some offered him the amount of his debt to Pierre, others looked at the mare, shrugged their shoulders, and made no offer at all.

He returned to his station sad and melancholy; a man was standing before him; it was again the Norman horse-dealer, with his sardonic smile.

"Well, Jerome," said the old man, "can we now deal? The hour is near."

"It must be so," said Jerome, with much of the fiend in his manner.

"Come, come!" said Pierre, "I am not so bad as thou thinkest me. The animal is good, though rather old; she has been valuable in her day."

"Parblen! the best trotter in the country, and the pearl of the regiment."

"Yes, yes," said Pierre; "that was her character fifteen years ago; since then it is somewhat changed. Come, Jerome! thou owest ten louis—I will give thee twelve. Is the beast mine?"

"Twelve louis! My poor mare!" said Jerome; "must I sell her for twelve louis? The mare that carried me through all my campaigns, and has never belonged to another man! Twelve louis!" said Jerome, again striking his forehead.

"Not a penny more—but we will have a drink together. Come!" and the old jockey held out his dry, wrinkled hand.

"Twelve louis!" repeated Jerome, with a mournful sigh.

"Not a sou more," said Pierre; "decide at once whether I must order the auctioneer to sell her or not."

"Well!"—and the soldier made an effort to look unconcerned—"poor beast!" said he—and he carressed Bretonne—"are we to separate thus?"

"Come, come, Jerome!" said Pierre; "do not weep; if thou preferrest thy mare to thy family, keep her; I will take thy cottage."

Jerome turned toward Pierre, looked at him scornfully, and raised his hand.

"Strike!" said the other, with a bantering air.

The arm was balanced in the air, and ready to fall; it stopped short.

"Twelve louis; poor beast!" repeated he, in a muttering voice.

"No more," said Pierre, with the greatest *sangfroid*.

He was about to accept the offer, when a manly voice called out, "I will give fifteen for her."

Jerome and Pierre looked up. A gentleman stood near them; his black cravat, blue riding-coat, with a red ribbon attached to the button-hole, told that he was a soldier.

"Fifteen!" exclaimed Pierre, but no longer smiling.

"Yes, fifteen," repeated the gentleman with the red ribbon; "is it too much for the charger of an old soldier, who has seen service?"

"What! my capt—commandant!" stammered Jerome, touching his hat; "you know Bretonne?"

"And her rider, Jerome Kerlee, of the Fifth Chasseurs," said the gentleman. "Ah! what!" added he, in a grave tone, "thou, thinkest, then, to part from the poor beast?"

"It must be so," said Jerome, holding down his head, and sighing. "So noble, so brave an animal! Is it not true, my major?" exclaimed the old soldier, addressing the officer boldly. "You know her—who has not known her? Never stumbling over the balls on the field of battle, dashing forward in face of the cannon's mouth, crossing rivers like a fish. And so intelligent—knowing the enemy a league off, manœuvering under me when I was too heavily pressed—good, faithful, loving beast. When I was unhorsed and left for dead on the field at Eylau, she remained by my side, licking my wound, and, by kicking, kept off the wolves; and the next day, by her neighing, called some one to my assistance." Jerome could not continue; the idea of their approaching separation stopped him. He was silent for a moment. "Take her, my major, take her; you know her, and will take care of her—take her."

"For fifteen louis?" said the major.

"For fifteen louis," said Jerome.

The old horse dealer made a horrible grimace.

"You see, major," said Jerome, clapping her on the back, "she is still an excellent beast! Perhaps she may grieve for the loss of her master."

He proceeded to remove the straw from the mare's tail. During that time, the major said a few words to the old jockey, in an almost inaudible voice.

"Very well, sir," said Pierre, "it shall be done. This Jerome," continued he, "is in luck—*ma foi*, it is a good thing for him.

Jerome followed his former officer, received the fifteen louis, and after speaking a little about the old regiment, hastened to pay his stern creditor and give up his poor mare—a matter which drew more than one tear from the eyes of the old soldier. Then, after shaking hands with the major, he proceeded homeward without Bretonne, but with some louis in his pocket.

He walked on, thinking about his old and faithful companion, who had many times saved his life—then stopped a minute—put his hands to his eyes, and wept like a child.

He had walked about an hour, when the trotting of a horse roused him from his revery. He listened. "It is singular," said he to himself; "I should say that that was the trot of Bretonne." He heard a neighing—he stopped—turned round—the animal approached. What was his surprise! It was Bretonne, mounted by the old Pierre. He stood stupefied. "Ah! what!" said he; "my mare with thee!"

"My dear Jerome," said Pierre, laughing loudly at seeing the astonishment of poor Jerome; "did I not tell thee that she would not escape me! The dear major has had pity on me, and after examining Bretonne well, found that she was good for nothing but to carry corn to the mill."

"Thou liest, old fool," said Jerome; "the major never said such a thing of the beast that served so well under his own eyes."

"How happens it, then," replied Pierre, "that he has given her to me?"

Jerome made a gesture of impatience, Pierre continued in a raillery; but Jerome did not say a word, his features were contracted with rage, and from time to time long, doleful sighs escaped from his breast.

The night was dark; the rain fell, the road was distinguished with difficulty. They arrived at a spot where a road crossed from it leading to Jerome's home. Deep ravines were on the right and left. Pierre stopped.

"Come," said he, addressing himself to the mare and Jerome, "make your adieux to one another. Poor beast, take leave of thine master."

"The malicious wretch!" cried Jerome, in a voice of thunder, as he raised his whip over the head of the old horse jockey, who, terrified, reined the mare backward, crying out, "Jerome—Bretonne—wait."

Suddenly the mare slipped, she was on the brink of the ravine. Jerome darted forward, seized the bridle. Pierre tried to keep his seat, but he fell, rolled into the ravine, crying, "Jerome! Jerome! Jerome! pardon—the mare—"

The voice became more distant, and then was heard no more. Jerome stood there, on the brink, pale, immovable, listening to the accents of that dying voice, that re-echoed on his troubled mind. A horrible silence then pervaded through the glen; and he listened again. A short time after no voice was heard; he shuddered, and an icy coldness ran through his veins; in agony he clasped his hands; he then pressed them to his forehead.

"Miserable wretch that I am!" exclaimed he in a mournful voice; "I shall be taken as a murderer! Pierre! Pierre!" but he called in vain.

At that moment he heard the sound of the feet of many horses. He started across the fields—cleared the hedges, the ditches. He ran a long way without any definite object in view; at length, exhausted, he fell half-dead near a hayrick, horrible spasms affected his limbs, for the word "murderer," sounded in his ears, and the image of a scaffold was before him.

The story is just concluded. Pierre had only received some contusions in his fall, and from those the reader no doubt rejoices at his suffering. Though stunned at first, he at last got up, and went to Jerome's house, where the mare had arrived before him. The family, at first dreadfully frightened, were consoled by Pierre. Then at twilight, Jerome ventured to steal to his hut, and joy succeeded anguish when he learnt that Pierre was still alive, and that the mare still belonged to himself, for the major had made him a present of her. He embraced his family, his mare, and even the horse-dealer.

Len. G. Faxon, of the Paducah *Kentuckian*, comes out in a card accepting the call from "many voters" to become a candidate for coroner. He says that "an experience of several years within the precincts of Cairo render me an excellent judge of a dead man."

Belgian Farm Life.

The farm laborer in Belgium does not enjoy much comfort. Working much harder than most men, he is the worst fed. Rye bread, potatoes, beans, buttermilk, without meat or bacon, is the usual fare; chicory the constant drink; beer reserved for Sundays and fairdays. His wages vary from tenpence to a shilling, and he could never live upon it did not all the members of his family work without ceasing. When the day's work is ended, often by moonlight, the father cultivates his small field; his wife and daughters take up the poorly paid lace work, instead of the old spinning-wheel, which steam has superseded; and his sons, when their field work is done, bring up rabbits for the London market. Their little hands pick up every tuft of herbage on the roadside, and open up a large trade of exportation not to be despised. From Ostend alone there come to us 1,200,000 rabbits every year; these are skinned and cleaned in Belgium, where the skin is used for the making of hats. Yet, though their life is so hard, the towns do not attract the rural population. Habit and family traditions bind them to the plow; while every nine years, at the renewal of their lease, the raising of the rent fills them with anxiety and poisons their existence. It makes them distrust all those who are making inquiry on the state of agriculture, and dissimulate as to the fertility of their land, and the produce they obtain from it.

Western Flanders is crossed by a strip of land which is particularly difficult of cultivation; until lately it was scarcely inhabited, and covered with low brushwood and marshy heath. The reindeer moss enveloped the trees with a layer as of white ashes; abundance of ferns and moss grew, and the sickly appearance of other plants gave the country a sterile appearance. But by means of the pine tree this land has also become valuable. About 3,000 young trees are planted on an acre; at the end of seven years these are thinned and sold for wood; this is repeated every two years until the trees are twenty years old, when they begin to cut them into poles for the hop; at twenty-five years they produce props for mines; at thirty, wood for buildings, and at forty the acre will still have a thousand trees, worth three or four shillings each, the whole paying very fairly for the expenses.

A few families settle on the spot to carry on the work; they take a lease of a corner of land at a very low rent, and husband and wife set to work and build a cabin which they can call their own. The next savings are spent on a goat and a few rabbits; then they bring up a calf on the grass which grows in the wood; when at last they possess a cow, they are saved from poverty. The milk is made into butter; the manure enriches their land; a little capital accumulates, and in a few years the laborer becomes a small farmer; by degrees the small population increases, the land is conquered by cultivation, the owner has spent little besides the wages. The laborer is assured of his plot for thirty years, and willingly spends his time upon it. Here, doubtless, under adverse circumstances, a living is made by a family; but what kind of living? Not what any ordinary English artisan, realizing the comforts procurable by a wage of a pound to thirty shillings a week would be inclined to put up with.

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.

The Bill Agreed Upon by the U. S. House Committee on Postal Affairs.

The United States House Post Office Committee has agreed to report a bill fixing the postage on newspaper and periodical publications mailed from the office of publication or from a news agency, and addressed to regular subscribers or news agents, as follows: For such publications issued weekly or oftener 1½ cents, and for those issued less frequently than once a week 3 cents for each pound or fraction thereof. Such publications are to be weighed in bulk at the offices of mailing, and the postage paid thereon by a special adhesive stamp. Newspapers to each actual subscriber living within the county where the same are printed are to go free, but they shall not be delivered by letter carriers unless the postage is paid thereon as provided by law; and newspapers and magazines reciprocally interchanged between publishers, not exceeding sixteen ounces in weight, to be confined to a single copy of each publication, are also to go free.

All mailable matter of the third class may weigh not exceeding four pounds for each package thereof, and postage shall be charged thereon at the rate of one cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof; but nothing herein contained shall be held to change or amend section 134 of said act. Affidavits are to be made by publishers or news agents to secure their adherence to these provisions, for the violation of which penalties are prescribed.

The committee also agreed to report an amendment to the statutes fixing and prescribing the method of adjusting the salaries of postmasters.

The committee also agreed to report a bill to insure the better execution of mail contracts. It provides, among other things, that before the bond of a bidder is approved it must be shown that the sureties are owners of real estate worth a sum double the amount of the bond.

A Call for Help.

Dr. Lehman of the *Jewish Times* has issued the following call for help:—Fourteen thousand Jews are threatened with starvation in Palestine. The price of victuals has risen to three times the former standard. The Jewish population has already disposed of every available article of value in exchange for food. The Jews of England have already contributed something like $8,000, and those of Germany $4,000, toward the relief of the sufferers; but how far does this sum reach, when a population like the one we have named requires relief? Therefore come quickly to our aid. Help and save!

We would respectfully appeal to all rabbies, teachers, and trustees of congregations to make collections at once and transmit the money to the Central Committee of Amsterdam (Hollander and Lehren). The undersigned is also ready to receive contributions and transmit them to the proper authorities.

BY WHOLESALE.—Under the title of "The Cremation and Urn Society, Limited," a company has been registered in London with a proposed capital of £50,000, for the purpose of carrying out the necessary arrangements in connection with the process of cremation.

Suffered.

A young man in England named Midwinter married a young lady with great expectations who happened to be a ward in chancery. In order to do so he made declarations before the proper officers to the effect that he had obtained her guardian's consent. As a result he found himself in custody for contempt of court in marrying a ward in chancery without the proper consent, and in the next place was arrested on a charge of perjury committed in making his declarations. As law is severely enforced in England, the young man, instead of jumping into fortune, has got himself in for a term of penal servitude.

The Currency Question.

The bill reported by the Conference Committee at Washington of the two houses, contains the following provisions:—

SEC. 7. That the entire amount of United States notes outstanding and in circulation at any one time sh

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., July 2, 1874.

TERMS.—$2 per year, in advance, 2,50 when not paid in advance.

Advertisements 20c per line for three insertions, and for 6 and 12 months by special contract.

Congress adjourned on Tuesday, 23—the best thing it did during the late session, and could have done better had it agreed not to meet again soon. One of its last acts of importance was to patch up a financial measure.

Post Master General Cresswell has resigned and the President has appointed Eugene Hale, member of congress from Maine, to be his successor.

Gov. Hartranft is reported to be suffering from the bite of a dog. If the dog gets over it, it will be a great wonder.

"For the spoils" and "against the nigger" appears to be the two cardinal principles of the Democratic party, says Brown's Republican. Well you rads have had all the spoils and the niggers too, and spoiled the nigger and everything else. You have spoiled the country by salary grabs, credit mobiliers, Sanborn contracts, Evan's swindles, nigger bureaus, Mrs. William's landaulets, and by the Kemble principle of "addition division and silence," practiced in every department of state and national government.

The Czar danced in a frock coat while in England. Heretofore it was only the swallow tails that could dance, but the Russian has broken in on that and now the frock coats will get their rights and swallow tails must go under. No one can be counted a snob any longer if he dances in a swallow tail. Forward the "frockies" the "swallows" are danced out.

Brown still keeps a standing notice under his inside head, boasting that his "Republican has nearly double the circulation of any other paper in Centre county." Then what makes you suspend so often, Colonel? Why don't you add to the sentence, *and five times more suspensions than any other paper*. We never indulge in boasting, but we are not far from the mark in asserting that the Reporter has the largest *bona fide* circulation in *Centre County*, and we will further state that if we can not show that the Reporter has added new names to its list, every week for the last three years, we will donate $50 to the poor fund of this county, a like sum to be thus forfeited by the party taking the wager if we win.

Moses, the carpet bag governor of poor, plundered South Carolina, who has lately been guilty of big frauds, for which he was arrested, but squeezed through the law, is now taking care of some of his friends as the despatch below shows:

Charleston, S. C., June 25.—Governor Moses has pardoned the three County Commissioners of Barnwell, lately convicted of corruption and thieving, and sentenced respectively to three, nine, and ten years in the Penitentiary. The convicted officials in their way to the Penitentiary boasted that Governor Moses would not dare allow them to remain in the Penitentiary a month.

Congress having adjourned without passing the civil rights bill, by which the negro was to be mixed up with the whites in schools, churches and everywhere, the colored negro statesman Fred Dougles has become furious, and a few days ago came out in an angry article against the Republicans, especially those from the South, who voted against the passage of the Civil Rights bill. In the course of this article he says:

"By the treachery of Republican members of Congress, elected in large part by colored votes, the negro is continued an outlaw. Fortunately the negro has the ballot. He owes it to himself to use that ballot in punishing the treachery of the men whose treason to professed principles leaves him a victim to negro hate. Every ballot that shall be cast by colored men for the so-called Republicans who on Saturday night last voted against the Civil Rights bill will be regarded as so many indorsements of their treason. Our people are not the cowards to kiss the hand that smites them. They must not be led into the support of pretended friends by sophistry nor by intimidation. Defeat every pretended Republican who voted against the Civil Rights bill."

Congress passed an act, shortly before the adjournment, by which weekly papers are to circulate free of postage in the counties where published; daily papers and papers sent outside the county, must have postage prepaid at 2 cents per pound, after January 1st, 1875.

Gen. Beaver is spoken of for Lieutenant Governor. The republicans can find none more deserving in their ranks.

Joe. W. Fury, is spoken of for Legislature. Fit. May he sail as well on his own credit as others did who have speculated on it altogether.

Blatherskite Harry White, was beaten for the nomination for Congress in his district, by Laird.

Gold on Monday was 111.

Toronto June 22.—Henry Clever, a young man, was instantly killed on Friday last by falling across a saw in Cooper's Mills at Bracebridge. The saw cut through his body from the shoulders to his legs.

London, June 22.—The Porte prohibits the circulation of copies of the Bible in Turkey.

The Party's Wash.

The closing scenes of congress were made rather lively, by the radical leaders, Butler and others telling on each other of bad things done by radical office holders. The Sun says the debate in the House last Friday night was apparently designed for no purpose but to enable the Republican party to wash a vast accumulation of dirty linen in public, and it was all very well to get rid of the filth; but the wash was too big for a single occasion. It was indeed so large and so utterly disgusting that the public, which usually encourages sanitary measures of this sort, was obliged to turn away its nose and fortify its stomach. The gentlemen who participated in the exhibition will be largely disappointed, for the fact is, nobody cares whose "coat tails" are the foulest, when all are too foul to show; and the general desire is to have the nasty sluice shut up and the soiled and tattered rags of the Republican household taken in for good.

The tubs were originally brought out at the request of Gen. Butler, who it is understood, desired to change clothes and live cleanly. But when everything was made ready Butler vowed, to the amazement of House and gallery, that he wasn't dirty; and forthwith threw his coat tails up as if to invite inspection. The exposure was tempting, we admit, and we can hardly censure the ambitious small fry who improved it to kick him around the ring, and wreak unstinted vengence upon the Administration's favorite bully. All hands accordingly fell to, pretending to be quite unconscious that they had only to peel Butler in order to find Grant; and Butler, in order to bear the punishment alone, passed it vigorously on to Phellps, Dodge & Co., who are little more eminent in the tin trade than in the Young Men's Christian Association and the Jay Cooke Deacon Buckingham kind of Republican politics. And so it went around. Richardson was stripped naked, and his old clothes spread out with revolting attention to details, but nobody remarked, "This is the savory unfit of an unhappy imbecile whom our President made Secretary of the Treasury, and afterward, with the advice and consent of our Senate, a Judge of the Court of claims." Sawyer's carpet-bag, Banfield's trunk, and Sanborn's capacious chest were impartially emptied to public view, and while every man in the House knew perfectly well that President Grant was the genuine ultimate proprietor of this whole mass of infected stuff, and that the condemned garments had only been fitted to his subordinates by way of livery, there was none bold enough to tell the truth, and fix the responsibility where it really belonged.

When Gen. Butler finally enlarged upon the prevalence of bribery and corruption throughout the service, and showed conclusively that one hundred millions of revenue was annually stolen, independent of either Richardson or Sanborn, he affixed a lasting stigma upon the party which all the soapsuds in the universe will not wash out.

ELECTION EXPENSES.

The bill passed by the Legislature in conformity with the Constitution prescribing what are proper expenses incident to our elections is as follows:

Section 1. That no person who shall hereafter be a candidate for the nomination or for election to the Senate or House of Representatives, or to any State, municipal or county office, in this Commonwealth, shall pay or contribute, either directly or indirectly, any money or other valuable things, or knowingly allow it to be done by others for him, either for the nomination, election or appointment, except necessary expenses as follows, to wit:

First—For printing and traveling expenses.

Second—For dissemination of information to the public.

Third—For political meetings, demonstration and conventions.

The foregoing expenses may be incurred either in person or through other individuals, or committees of organizations duly instituted for the purpose, but nothing contained in this act shall be so construed as to authorize the payment of money or other valuable things for the vote or influence of any elector, either directly or indirectly, at primary, township, general or special elections, nominating conventions, or for any corrupt purpose whatever, incident to an election, and all judicial, State, county and municipal officers hereafter elected shall, before entering upon the duties of their respective offices, take and subscribe the oath prescribed by section 1, of article 7, of the Constitution of this Commonwealth.

Section 2. Every person violating either of the provisions of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be subject to a fine not exceeding $1,000, and to imprisonment not exceeding one year or both, or either, at the discretion of the court.

A SEWING MACHINE PATENT.

The action of the senate patent committee in reporting against the extension of Wilson for a motion sewing machine patent is very significant, and of great interest to the whole country. It is now certain that no extention will be granted for the Bachelor fued motion patent when this patent is out, and no restrictions will exist on the manufacture of sewing machines, and the most expensive machines will then be greatly reduced in price. Sewing machine companies exerted all their influence, but were opposed by petitions signed by three millions of people against a further extension of the patent.

A South Carolina correspondent of the New York Times has compiled a list of the officials of that State indicted or convicted of crime during the past few months. The total is thirty-two, and includes the Governor, three county treasurers, two county sheriffs, twenty-four county commissioners, one school commissioner, and one police justice. These were State officers; but one Congressman, R. H Cain, has also been arraigned in the courts for larceny. And there is no hope whatever for South Carolina unless Congress assumes the right to again reconstruct its government.

THE DANGERS OF PARIS GREEN.

The following timely instructions are given in the Paint and Oil Journal.

As the handling and using of dry Paris green, especially by persons unaccustomed to its use, is attended with considerable risk, and often followed by serious consequences, we make the following suggestions, founded on our experience as manufacturers:

All packages, whether large or small should be plainly marked poison.

There is great danger in the mixing of this green for potato bug and cotton worm poison, owing to the fine dust which arises in the process, which is inhaled and rapidly absorbed by the pores of the skin, especially if the person using it should be in a state of perspiration. To guard against this, the hands and face (particularly nostrils) should be protected as much as possible, and should be carefully washed after working in it, or in any of the preparations of which it is an ingredient. As it penetrates and poisons wood, gets into the seams and crevices of articles made of metal, and even into earthenware that is at all porous, all household utensils, or anything in barn or stable which cattle or horses could have access to, in which the article may have been mixed, or from which it has been used, should be carefully set aside, and never again used for any other purpose.

Malignant sores are not unfrequently caused by scratching the skin when itching or irritated from handling the green. It should be constantly borne in mind that it is a more dangerous and deadly poison than arsenic, and farmers, planters and others, when purchasing should be duly cautioned to exercise the utmost care in using it.

As a remedy for the poison, the free use of milk as a beverage is recommended, but we have found hydrated per-oxide of iron (a simple, harmless remedy) the best antidote. Sores caused by the green should be well covered with it, as with an ordinary salve, and a teaspoonful in a wine glass of water should be taken twice a day internally while working with the green. This remedy can be obtained from any druggist or chemist.

The consumption of Paris green has largely increased within a few years, and the article is now applied to such a variety of purposes, that carelessness in its use or ignorance of its highly dangerous properties on the part of those who use it, cannot fail to produce the most deplorable results.

There is a negro Samson named Nelson de Lisle, in New Orleans. He is a horse-dealer by profession, and the trick of his trade is to take possession of horses in an unauthorized manner. He was denominated a horse-thief before a Court in New Orleans in 1869 and sent to the State Prison, where he stayed only six days of the five years awarded him. He broke jail by snapping iron bars as if they had been sticks, and carrying the outer gate, and fled and hid. The police have been on the lookout for him, and afraid they would find him. The other day two or three of them got hold of him; but he broke loose and laid them out on the pavement with one blow of his mighty arm. De Lisle then ran, and the cry of "stop thief" was raised, and a gathering crowd surged in pursuit. A policeman fired three shots at him without any apparent effect, and he was at length brought to a halt by running, as it were, in a crowd of about a thousand men that had collected about him, both before and behind, in his flight. The friction of such a mass was too much, and he saw the living wall close around him. It took twelve muscular white Americans to take him to the station-house, as he kept up a skirmishing fight all the way. He was put in the stocks, and it was found that a pistol ball had passed through his thigh, and a club had indented his forehead over his eye. His vitals, which were covered with a heavy coating of upper leather, were unharmed. He is not of exaggerated size, being a litter over medium size, but his mold is Herculean and his endurance is equal to that of a steam engine of twenty horse power.

ARREST OF L. W. HERRINGTON.

L. W. Herrington, publisher of the Lycoming Ranger, was arrested yesterday and taken before the United States Commissioner, Hepburn McClure. The charge against him was, that he violated the postal laws of the United States by printing and publishing an obscene and lewd paper, and that he did on the 20th day of June, 1874, and at divers times before that deposit in the post-office at Williams port said Ranger, for mailing and delivering in the United States mail, knowing the same to be an obscene and lascivious publication, contrary to the acts of Congress in such case made and provided.

The prisoner made a request to have the case continued until Saturday, in order that he might have time to prepare himself. To this Hon. Wm. H. Armstong, counsel for the prosecution, would not consent. He then waived a hearing, when bail in the sum of $5,000 was demanded for his appearance at Erie on the third Monday of next month. The bail not being at hand he was taken to jail.

In the evening Herrington was taken before Judge Strong with the expectation of having his bail reduced, but without avail, and he was returned to prison.—*Register.*

This dirty sheet, the Ranger, also circulated in this county—persons who patronize such literature are no better than the publishers of it.

Politics are growing more and more corrupt, and, but for the increasing vigilance and independence of the newspaper press, the outlook for the country would be far from encouraging. But even the worst evils usually work their own cure in the long run. Just as the politicians of both parties seemed to have reached the lowest depths of venality and recklessness, and the people, grown almost hopelessly indifferent, seemed to have resigned everything to their self appointed masters, the newspapers began rebelling against the tyranny of party and asserting their right and duty to criticise freely obnoxious men or measures. It is this growing fearlessness and candor of formerly slavish organs which promise to purify our politics and rectify the innumerable abuses which have taken root in localities where either party has long been in undisturbed possession of power Nor is this decline of corrupt servility confined to the great city dailies, the smallest part of whose support comes from party organizations, but the country weeklies are fast rising to a higher appreciation of the duties and proprieties of journalism. —*Press.*

Subscribe for the Reporter. Who will be kind enough to send a name?

THE LAST ACT OF BOSS SHEPHERD'S LEGISLATURE.

From the Washington Star.

It affords a sad commentary upon the eloquent appeal in behalf of representative Government sent up to Congress by the District Legislature (the only elective body under the late form of goverment), that in adjourning *sine die* some of the members seemed to have carried away almost everything portable about the chamber—desks, chairs, clocks, water coolers, mirrors, inkstands, washstands, towels, combs, brushes, soap, and even second-hand tooth brushes. One member in his solicitude to preserve some memento of this last representative body and bulwark of the people of the District, took away a large feather duster, and not be ostentatious about it, he concealed the same upon his person with considerable ingenuity by passing the handle down a trouser leg and butttoning the feathered end snugly under his vest. *Vale* noble representative body! And thus departs the last vestage of the glorious right of suffrage in the D. of C.

ANOTHER BATCH OF DOGS EXECUTED.

New York, June 25.—One hundred and forty-two dogs were asphyxiated to-day at the dog pond. At about a quarter to twelve o'clock the dogs were placed in the tank, and as soon as they were inside the gas was turned on. The method of killing was different to that used heretofore. The gas was the same as used heretofore—carbonic acid—but it was generated on the spot, and not carried from outside through a pipe. When the animals were first placed inside, several groans were heard, but the noise, after a few seconds, subsided. In order to ascertain how long life remained in the dogs, the superintendent tied a chain to one of the largest dogs, and passed it through an aparture in the tank. Every once and awhile the chain would move, as if the unfortunate creature at the other end was writhing in agony, and it was thirty-two minutes, by the superintendent's watch, before the tugging ceased, so it must have taken that time to kill the dog. At that time, by placing the ear to the tank, it could be ascertained that some of the dogs were kicking yet. The new plan does not seem to be an improvement on the one before used in the killing of the animals.

BOUND TO GO TO TEXAS.

From the Yazoo Banner.

A man with a wife and several children, who some time ago left Indiana for Texas, finding, after reaching New Orleans or some other point in Louisiana, that he could not proceed on account of the overflow, turned back and is retracing his steps to Indiana. He and his family are all walking, carrying a wheelborrow, which contains all his earthly goods. He has stopped a few days in the suburbs of the city, where he is making axe handles to get means to pursue his journey. He is a man in full vigor of health, intelligent, and buoyant spirits. He is determined still to go to Texas.

The Civil Rights bill is dead—dead at least for this session—let us hope forever. There are strong reasons for believing that if it had passed the House the President would have vetoed it. But the Republicans of the House being nearer their constituents than the Senate, and having livlier apprehensions of the consequences, concluded to let the thing sadly yet severely alone. They had the opportunity to take it up and pass it, but they had not the courage. When, as it lay on the Speaker's desk, it was reached in its turn, there were Republican votes enough to have lifted the bantling from its couch and sent it tenderly, duly labelled and ticketed, to the White House. But, alas! the votes were not forthcoming, and so, there it lies. Peace be with it.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

Opinion of Judge Orvis upon the authority of the County Commissioners to equalize assessments.

Commonwealth of Pa. *Ex relatione et al* vs. Benj. F. Shaffer } No. 91 Aug. term 1874.

This was a writ of *habeas corpus*, issued the petition of assessor of township, Centre county, and and assistant assessors of the same township, complaining that the respondent, the sheriff of the county, had them in custody without any legal warrant therefore.

Upon the return of the writ it appeared that on the 23d day of May, 1874, one made information before charging the relators with a wilful valuation of the duties of their offices in refusing to assess the real and personal property of

township, at what they, the assessor and assistant assessors, actually believed and knew the property to be worth. Upon the hearing before the Justice, the defendants, admitting the facts stated in the affidavit and refusing to give bail, were committed, whereupon this writ was sued out for, the relators contending that they are not liable to any criminal prosecution in consequence of any thing alleged in the information, warrant and commitment.

The first question to be determined is, what are the duties of the assessors in making the valuation of property? By the 3d section of the Act approved April 15th 1834 [p. s. page 511] it was made the duty of the assessors of the several wards, townships and districts, previous to each triennial assessment, to meet at the office of the County Commissioner, and with the County Commissioners "to fix some uniform standard to ascertain the real value of all property made taxable by law." Under this provision the assessors were accustomed to fix the standard at one-half, one third or one-fourth the actual value and assess the property accordingly. By the 4th section of the Act of May 15th, 1841, the right of the assessors to fix a standard of values was taken away, and it was provided that "from and after the passage of this act, it shall be the duty of the several assessors and assistant assessors, to assess, rate and value all objects of taxation, whether for state, county, city district ward, township or borough purposes according to the actual value thereof, and at such rates and prices for which the same would *separately bona fide sell*". Not as is sometimes contended at the prices for which all the property in the ward or township would sell, if all the property was put to a sale at the same time—but at what each item of property would bring at a public sale, after full notice, if it was the only property sold. That this is the proper construction of the Act will be made manifest hereafter. This fixes the duty of the assessors to value all property made taxable by law at what they honestly and conscientiously believe it to be really worth. Their oath prescribed by the 9th section of the Act of July 27th 1842, defines very plainly their duties in this respect.

The only other question involved is, are assessors who refuse to perform the duties thus enjoined liable to a criminal prosecution? The 3d section of the Act of May 14th, 1841, provides: "If any assessor or assistant assessor shall knowingly and intentionally omit, neglect or refuse to assess or return any property, person or thing made taxable by law, or *shall unknowingly and intentionally assess, rate or value the same at more or less than he shall honestly and believe the just cash value or rate thereof*, or neglect or refuse to assess any tax required by law, he shall be guilty of a misdemeanor in office, and on conviction thereof be subject to imprisonment, not less than three nor more than twelve months and fined in a sum not less than one hundred nor more than two hundred dollars." This settles their liability to a criminal prosecution for a wilful refusal to assess property at what they know or honestly believe its actual value is. Mistakes or errors of judgment, where the assessors are acting in good faith, cannot be punished by any proceedings; but a refusal to comply with the plain mandate of the law may and should be.

It is true there is another remedy. By the 4th section of the Act of may 15th, 1841, the County Commissioners, after the assessments are returned into the office, are authorized, "if they believe any property or thing made taxable has been assessed and valued below its actual value, to raise the same to the actual value thereof, or if the same has been assessed and valued above its actual value to reduce the same thereto." This duty of the Commissioners, sitting as a board of revision, is made mandatory and imperative by the 12th section of the Act of July 27th, 1842. "The board of revision in each county *shall*, on receiving the returns of the assessors, proceed to examine and inquire whether the same have been made in conformity with the laws of this Commonwealth, *and whether all property to be valued for taxation for state and county purposes has been valued at a sum or price not less than the same would bring, after full notice, at a public sale, supposing each separate lot or piece or tract of land, with improvements, or the personal property of each individual, company or corporation only were to be sold.*"

While this power exists in the County Commissioners, and it is their duty to exercise it whenever the assessors fail to do their duty, still the assessors are liable to a criminal prosecution. JNO. H. ORVIS, A. L. J.

The account of a burglary in a farm house near Milton, Pa., which we published in our issue of June 18th, we see it stated did not occur near Milton, Pa., but near Milton, New Jersey. So much there is sometimes in a name.

Madrid, June 27.—Official information has been received at the War Office of the defeat at Chelva, thirty-eight miles northwest of Valencia, after two days' fighting, of 10,000 Carlists under command of Prince Alphonso, brother of Don Carlos, by a force of republicans numbering only 5,000 men.

The commet is now visible to the naked eye, after 10 o'clock. Look for it half way between the North star and horizon.

A TITANIC DUEL.

Fight Between an Elephant and a Rhinoceros on a Steamboat.

The Indianapolis Herald relates the following:—

"Last week, as the mammouth fleet of steamers employed to transport old John Robinson's great world exposition approached the landing at Wyandotte, situated on the banks of the Ohio river, in Western Virginia, an unusual commotion was observed on board the flagship Erie, No. 9. Men, women and children were wildly running to and fro frantically shouting to the other steamers, while at the same time there were a series of shrieks, screeches, yells and howls, as if all the inmates of pandemonium were being let loose.

"The good people on shore were unable to make out the meaning and strange behavior of those on the steamers, but surmising that everything was not right among the animals in the menagerie they very quickly concluded that the open levee was no place for them should the ferocious monsters make their way to land and quickly fled to their homes. In the meantime Commodore John E. Robinson hoisted signals of distress, which were quickly responded to by the steamer Champion, Captain G. N. Robinson, and also the steamer Argosy, Captain James Robinson, who ranged alongside the Erie, and were informed that an awful battle was raging between the huge double horned rhinoceros and the monster war elephant, Old Emperor. The ladies and children were quickly transferred to the steamers Champion and Argosy, and then the entire crews of the three steamers armed themselves and went below to endeavor to separate the combatants.

"As they reached that portion of the main deck just off the boilers, a horribly sickening sight met their view. Wounded, bleeding and horribly lacerated men were lying where they had been stricken down by the terrible brutes; dead, wounded and dying horses and ponies strewed the deck in every direction; cages destroyed and literally mashed into fragments were scattered among the dead, wounded, dying, and the terrible din, shrieks, grunts and groans plainly told them that the battle was still fiercely raging. A total destruction of almost every cage on the boat seemed imminent. All efforts unavailing to separate the savage denizens of the forest. At this juncture a loud crash was heard and the two cages containing the monster sea lions and the Labrador seals were driven overboard.

"The veteran showman was as cool collected as it was possible for a man to be under these circumstances, when his property was going to destruction every moment by thousands of dollars. Not so, however, with Manager John F. Robinson, jr., for when he saw his favorites, sea lions and seals, being dashed overboard without mercy, he said: 'Boys I can't stand this any longer, and we might as well try to kill one of these brutes before they ruin every cage on the boat.' He then gave orders to fire upon them, and a heavy volley was discharged, which had no more effect on the now thoroughly aroused and frightened monsters than to cause them to fight with more fury than before. The situation was getting each moment more dangerous for all on board, and the proprietors were in despair of all hope, when it occurred to Manager J. F. Robinson to open the steam pipes and deluge them with steam.

"The engineer quickly turned on the steam, and as it suddenly escaped from the boilers with a terrific roar, a shrill trumpeting screech was heard from the elephant, such as they always utter in crying for mercy when conquered in their native wilds. Whether the animal had received its death blow from the rhinoceros or was frightened into submission by the steam, could not be ascertained until it cleared away, which it did in a few moments, disclosing to the astonished gaze of the showmen a curious and at the same time gratifying sight. There lay the huge elephant upon the deck, cowering tremblingly down, uttering moans of pain and fright, while a little beyond was the rhinoceros snugly ensconced in his cage, quaking and shivering with fear, where he had retreated the instant the steam was upon him. The attendants sprang quickly forward and closed and bolted the door of his cage, thus securing themselves from further molestation from him.

"Five horses were found killed, as also were three ponies, and four more were so badly maimed and wounded that they were killed in mercy, to end their suffering."

CHARITY IN JUDGING.

The familiar text, "Judge not, that ye be not judged,." was clearly explained and sturdily applied to common life by Mr. Beecher.

This command, said Mr. Beecher, does not point to a formal regulating process which is often times indispensible to the affairs of men. We are called to discriminate between public good and evil, truth and falsehood, not abstractly but as they appear in the conduct of men. It would be a spurious charity which would confound moral qualities in men. If a man assails me with vituperation and the language of bitterness it is uncharitable in me to say that man is praising me. If a man is in my cherry tree stealing my cherries it would be false charity for me to say he is only borrowing. We have a right to look at things as they are, and in dealing with men you must judge of moral quality and to a certain extent also of antecedent disposition. The safety of your own affairs and of those committed to your charge demands a just and careful judgement of men. So, then, you should not commit trusts to untrustworthy men. It would not be safe to put men upon the bench for the impartial administration of justice who are partial and unfair themselves. You must, of course, discriminate. The disposition to uncharitable judgement springs, not from good but from the malign elements in man. We are all children of God, and all possessed of a common weakness, of a common, "temptableness," of a common sinfulness, and we all have a common dependence on the Divine forgiveness; for life and liberty. It is not for us, united by such common weakness, to occupy ourselves in raking up on every hand and at every opportunity those things which are common to us and others.

If there should spring forth in any hospital a disposition of criticism, and men with fevers should gibe men with dropsies and men with dropsies should revenge themselves by pointing over to the men with ulcers and sores it would represent the Church of Christ. [Laughter.] Men are perpetually finding fault on technical grounds. All of them together are in hospital, and all subject to ailments. This whole tendency springs, not from the divine man, but from the remnants in man of that which is animal. You will take notice that there are many qualities that are indispensable in the lower planes of existence which, in the higher forms of existence, become positive vices. As men develop out of the animal conditions it takes away that necessity, and it takes away more and more the tendency to judge hastily. There are men who criticise without any particular good in view. It may be true, but that don't justify it. You have no right to speak of men at their worst unless with a reason that will stand the test of the judgement seat of Charity. It is not enough that a man has a fault. Everybody has these things, and why should they be dragged out unless there be some hope of rectifying the wrong? You say it is your duty to fight weakness wherever you can find it; then stay at home, for you will find trouble enough there to keep you occupied all the rest of your life. [Laughter.]

Then there are men who hate hypocrisy, and who are always looking about to detect it. If you say a man did a generous thing they sneer and say "Oh! he'll make out of it." They, like leeches, suck the blood of every man they come in contact with. We are all in the warfare, struggling in society. There is one class of men, thank God, that are at least working towards a high and holy end—not perfect, but searching after perfection. I think more of good nature than I do of many of the Christian graces, and in that I follow my Master. There are many men that are seeking good so assiduously that they do not see men at all, but those men that just get so near to God as to walk on other men's heads are full of uncharitableness. Honor all men. The poorest is not what he seems. There is something in every nature—even the lowest—that, when it is unfolded, shall shine as a star. Outward grandeur is not to be compared with that which is in the reach of the commonest nature, because God is behind him. The rich mines of California are not to be judged by what has been taken out, but by what their developments promise for the future, and it is precisely so with men. Men are born, and sent through the world as seeds are. The best seeds do not always come out the best. You cannot measure their natures, and you must not assume to judge them. I have seldom seen a half dozen persons gathered together in whose hearing talebearings and scandal were not observed. How far are we from being ethically taught or trained in this matter, so that these things shall be as gravel in our mouths—not only repugnant on principle, but absolutely hateful to our natures.

But men are not qualified to form judgments of other men. I suppose that the judgment of parents in the case of their children is more nearly the correct judgment, according to the meaning of our text. A man may be born with a severe and kindly nature, whose right actions are as easy and natural for him as walking and talking, and a man may come into life with a temperament which is always leading him down, whose life is a continual struggle against the vices and evils of his disposition; and how shall you judge between the two with any kind of fairness. Persons in perfect health are frequently unjust in their treatment and judgment of sickly persons. There are thousands of men that never seem to work, and the natural cry is, "Oh, they are idlers!" A man who has a blood-making frame, and stimulation in his blood, cannot help but relieve himself by using his energies, while another may have the issues of life feeble, and he cannot rush through life, hardly walk. Hundreds of thousands of men are born weak, and the worst place for such is among the Yankees, who are all energy and "rush," and who think such a tame sort of person as this is the worst kind of a "shack." Upon my word, I had rather be in an Italian dungeon than in a New England poor-house. [Laughter.] Men, as they grow better, frequently grow worse, and condemn those who have not the same qualities of goodness that they have acquired. A man that has envy or pride cannot judge others fairly; that is impossible.

There is a good field for applying this subject in the churches. There is no denomination perhaps that has not some particular doctrine or part of a doctrine that is better expressed than in another, and it leads to unchristable judgment on their part. Churches have gradually separated in this way until they look like a checkerboard. The old spirit is not yet dead, and the churches are even now arrogating to themselves the right to judge and to condemn. The spirit that exists in organized Christianity looking out into the world is not far different from the spirit which animated the Pharisees, for they are substantially unsympathetic with the great outside class, making a distinction not founded on positive excellence, but on the sense of being nearer themselves, and they further from God. This is the most dangerous position for men to take. A man who is strictly honest and truthful does not arrogate anything to himself when he says, "I am not dishonest or untruthful," but it is a dangerous thing for bodies of men like the denominations throughout our lands and world, mingling as they do with men very low in the scale of ethics, to pretend to criticise the principles by which others are not governed. Filled as they are with pride, and arrogance, split up as they are with intestine jealousies, envy, quarrels, and contentions, at war with and among themselves, the whole Church visible on earth being a campground of insurrection, it is the hight of madness for them to look with critical and unsympathetic eyes upon those who are not of them. How much there is justified because we are members of the Church, and they are not! They are in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity. They don't believe in the Trinity—it is better not, than to trample it under foot. We have no right to look upon men outside of organized churches and sit in judgement upon them.

In conclusion, Mr Beecher spoke of the aptness with which a community inveighs against a man who has been caught in his wickedness is due almost as much to the condition of this very community as to any inherent evil in him, whose way of wrong-doing was prepared for him by his predecessors and by the laxity of his very judges. Applying indirectly this proposition to Tweed and his companions, overtaken in their vices, he remarked the great out cry of virtuous indignation and horror, which had followed the exposure of great frauds, and the complacent satisfaction with which they commented on the justice of the chief robber's banishment to Blackwell's Island. Not no! broke out Mr. Beecher, if justice had had its course there would have been 500 000 men there instead of one. A man goes to Congress in the interest of public improvements. He finds how railroad management affiliates with his tastes. He finds a thing already created, already grown. Everybody has got his bucket and gets a dip of the ill-gotten plunder, and by and by a man comes along with a larger bucket and a larger dipper, and he goes in a little deeper and makes a bigger splash and—gets caught! Then by the artilleries of the committees he is shot to pieces, and people hold up their hands in horror while they cry out, "Did you ever see such a miscreant."

Now, you are the alphabet and he is the word spelled! [Laughter.] The villain that happens to be first struck by your lightning is considered the basest of men. Is this just judgement? I don't say bad men are not bad because they are made so by men behind them, but this I say, that "except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish:" and if you are going to condemn representative criminals, remember whom they represent. No stream goes higher than its fountain, and in a community no man is a great deal better or worse than the community in which he lives. It is not for us to hold high our heads and say triumphantly, "Lo! see how God hates sinners." It is for us to say, with bowed and submissive heads, "Lord, I have laid this stumbling block in my brother's way."

NOTICE OF APPEALS.—Notice is hereby given that the Commissioners of Centre county will hear appeals from assessments of 1874 for the different townships and boroughs in said county, on the following days, at the places for holding elections in townships and boroughs, to wit:

Patton twp Tuesday, June 16.
Half Moon twp Wednesday June 17.
Ferguson twp Thursday, June 18.
Harris twp Friday, June 19.
Potter twp Saturday, June 20.
Gregg twp Monday, June 22
Penn twp Tuesday June 23.
Haines twp Wednesday June 24.
Miles twp Thursday, June 25.
Walker twp Friday, June 26.
Marion twp Monday, June 29
Liberty twp Tuesday, June 30
Curtin twp Wednesday, July 1.
Howard twp and boro' Thursday July 2
Boggs twp Friday, July 3
Milesburg boro' Monday, July 6.
Unionville and Union twp Tuesday July 7th.
Huston twp Wednesday, July 8.
Worth twp Thursday, July 9.
Taylor twp Friday, July 10
Spring twp Saturday, July 11
Snow Shoe twp Tuesday, July 14
Burnside twp Wednesday, July 15
Philipsburg and Rush twp Friday July 17th.
Bellefonte boro' Monday and Tuesday, July 20 and 21st.
Benner twp Wednesday July 22.

By order of the Board of Commissioners.
R. H. FORSTER, Clerk.

un4-6t.

FURNITURE.

JOHN BRECHBILL,

in his elegant New Rooms, Spring street, Bellefonte.

Has on hand a splendid assortment of HOUSE FURNITURE from the commonest to the most elegant.

CHAMBER SETS, PARLOR SETS, SOFAS, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, WOOL MATTRESSES, HAIR MATTRESSES,

and anything wanted in the line of his business—homemade and city work. Also, has made a speciality and keeps on hand, the largest and finest stock of

WALL PAPER.

Goods sold at reasonable rates, wholesale and retail. Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. feb6-1y

Miller & Son,

CENTRE HALL, PA.
DEALERS IN
PURE DRUGS
AND MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c., &c., &c.

PURE WINE AND LIQUORS,
for medicinal purposes.
Trusses & Supporters in great variety.
Also, choice
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
and all other articles usually kept in a first class Drug Store.
Prescriptions carefully Compounded.
25oct tf MILLER & SON.

CENTRE HALL

FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS

The undersigned having taken possession of the above establishment, respectfully inform the public that the same will be carried on by them in all its branches as heretofore.

They manufacture the CELEBRATED TRUE BLUE CORNPLANTER, the best now made.

HORSE POWERS, THESHING MACHINES & SHAKERS, PLOWS, STOVES, FANCY DOORS, KETTLE PLATES, CELLAR GRATES, PLOW SHEARS & MILL GEARING of every description, in short their Foundry is complete in every particular.

We would call particular attention to our EXCELSIOR PLOW, acknowledged to be the best Plow now in use, shifting in the beam for two or three horses.

We also manufacture a new and improved TRIPLE GEARED HORSE POWER, which has been used extensively in the northern and western States, and has taken precedence over all others.

We are prepared to do all KINDS OF CASTING from the largest to the smallest, and have facilities for doing all kinds of IRON WORK such as PLANING, TURNING, BORING, &c.

All kinds of repairing done on short notice

VAN PELT & SHOOP,
jan21-1y. Centre Hall.

J. ZELLER & SON
DRUGGISTS

No 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa

Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c., &c.

Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept. may 31, 72.

NEW FURNITURE STORE.

IN THE CONRAD HOUSE,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
GEORGE O'BRYAN,
Dealer in
FURNITURE
OF ALL KINDS,
BEDSTEADS, TABLES, CHAIRS,
Parlor and Chamber Sets,
SOFAS, LOUNGES,
BUREAUS, WASHSTANDS,
WARDROBES, MATTRESSES, &c.
Particular Attention to Ordered Work.
REPAIRING DONE PROMPTLY.
UNDERTAKING,
In All Its Branches,
METALIC, WALNUT, ROSEWOOD, AND COMMON CASKETS,
Always on Hand, and Funerals Attended With an Elegant Hearse. apr6tf.

CENTRE HALL

COACH SHOP,

LEVI MURRAY,

at his establishment at Centre Hall, keeps on hand, and for sale, at the most reasonable rates.

Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
PLAIN AND FANCY,

and vehicles of every description made to order, and warranted to be made of the best seasoned material, and by the most skilled and competent workmen. Persons wanting anything in his line are requested to call and examine his work, they will find it not to be excelled for durability and wear. may 3tf.

LEVI MURRAY,
NOTARY PUBLIC, SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER.
CENTRE HALL, PA.
Will attend to administering Oaths, Acknowledgement of Deeds, &c, writing Articles of Agreement, Deeds, &c, may15

P. B. WILSON. T. A. HICKS.

WISON & HICKS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Hardware and Stove Dealers

Builders Hardware

CARRIAGE MAKERS GOODS,
SADDLER'S TRIMMINGS,
ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

STOVES.

SPEAR'S ANTI-CLINKER STOVES & DOUBLE HEATERS

which will heat one or two rooms down stairs, and same number above. Cost very little more than single stoves. These are the best parlor stoves made.

SUSQUEHANNA COOK

STOVE.

This stove has large ovens, will burn hard or soft coal and wood. Every one warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

WILSON & HICKS,
Bellefonte, Pa.
marl5 tf

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

A. W GRAFF,

CENTRE HILL, CENTRE CO., PA.,

Has just received a large invoice of

Summer Goods.

Consisting of the best assortment of

READY-MADE CLOTHING!
DRESS GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
AND FANCY ARTICLES,

ever brought to Potter twp.

LOWEST CASH PRICES!

☞ Produce taken in exchange at highest market prices.

A. W. GRAFF.
my8-1y.

C. PECK'S New
Coach Manufactory.

CENTRE HALL, PA.

The undersigned has opened a new establishment, at his new shops, for the manufacture of

Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,

SLEIGHS AND SLEDS,
PLAIN AND FANCY

of every description.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY JULY 2, 1874

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

——Next week there will be no paper issued from this office, in order to give our hands a week of recreation, as is customary in all newspaper offices, during the 4th of July. Our patrons will please give us their indulgence.

——The corn that was stolen—mentioned in last week's Reporter—belonged to Mr. William Rishel, and not to John Rishel, as we erroneously stated.

——Our thermometer at 12 o'clock, on Monday morning stood at 96.

——A correspondent of the Beaver Times says: "Please let the readers of your valuable paper know if they will put a few grains of buckwheat in every hill of potatoes, it will save their crops from potato bugs. Try it, and you will be surprised to see what a perfect remedy it is."

——Brown asks his party to nominate him for district attorney. We say so too—it would be ungrateful in the party to give him the mitten. Let Jim Hale stand aside and run for congress, lieutenant governor, or vice president, and leave the track clear for Brown for district attorney.

——And now Jas. T. Hale is recommended for District Attorney, on the radical side. Well, Jim would do pretty well—but how to get ever a democrat—don'no 'bout that Jim.

——Dr. Fisher, of Zion, Dr. Smith of Potter, and Dr. Fisher of Boalsburg, are candidates for the legislature. So many followers of Aesculapius ought to make the next Assembly a healthy one.

——The Centre Hall Union Sabbath School will have a basket pic-nic, in a grove, near this place, on Saturday July 18. Friends of Sunday schools who wish to participate are invited to attend.

——Corn throughout our county looks well just now. Our farmers are busy making hay—the crop will be somewhat short.

——The Earlystown, Manor and Pine Stump Sabbath schools, will held a basket pic-nic in Wion's woods, 2 miles west of this place, on next Saturday, 4th. Every preparation will be made to make it a pleasant affair for the little ones as well as adults.

——Chas. W. Stine has been appointed postmaster at Pleasant Gap.

——W. J. McManigal's entire stock of hardware, at Milroy, was sold at sheriff's sale on Wednesday of last week. George A. Butler, one of the popular merchants of Reedsville, was the purchaser. Amount paid, $2,450.

——Our thanks are due to Gov. Hartranft for a copy of the General Laws of Pennsylvania passed in the session of 1874.

——On Monday afternoon, last, a heavy storm visited the neighborhood of Lock's Mills, Mifflin county, unroofing several barns, and doing other damage.

——CENTRE COUNTY NORMAL INSTITUTE—The annual session will be held at Centre Hall, commencing on Tuesday, July 21st, and continuing eight weeks. All teachers and all preparing to teach are cordially invited to attend. Every effort will be made to secure a successful and profitable session.

The Science of Teaching will be made the prominent feature of study. Daily instruction will be given in general school management, methods of teaching, and in such of the common school branches as are deemed necessary. Special attention will be given to Vocal Music. Prof. C. W. Rishel, of the Shippensburg Normal School, will assist in conducting the Institute. Space will not admit their insertion here, but substantially the same books as heretofore, will be used, and can be procured at Centre Hall. Tuition from $5 to $10—five dollars in advance and remainder during term. Ample provision has been made to accommodate all who may attend—price of board per week $3. Students on arrival will please call upon the teachers who will designate suitable boarding places. It is earnestly hoped all will try to be present at the opening of the session. R. M. MAGEE,

July 2. Co. Supt.

——AARONSBURG ITEMS.—Town is dull as the haymakers are busy in the fields.

W. T. Meyer who has been teaching music at Tyrone, came home last Saturday evening. He is hale and hearty and as cheerful as ever.

The frog ponds in this burg were filled last week by M. M. Musser and D. H. Lenker. Gentlemen you deserve credit.

The stabling belonging to the "Penn House," has lately been remodled and Mr. Limbert, the obliging landlord, is now prepared to accommodate all his customers to the utmost satisfaction.

Candidates for office are getting to be almost as numerous as potato bugs, and they are already after each other with sharp sticks and no doubt by the time of the county convention, some will be as cruelly murdered "politically" as the bugs are "physically."

H. C.

STORE BURNT.—The store belonging to Messrs. Zellers & Stine in Mattenville was destroyed by fire on last Friday night. The building witch belonged to John Mattern was totally destroyed. There was no insurance on it. The fire is supposed to have been the work of incendiaries—parties who intended to rob and blunder. This is very evident from the fact that some goods were found near the store by the people running to the fire. The alarm was given at half past eleven but by that time the flame had become so strong that it was impossible to save any amount of goods.

The books were saved and an inconsiderable amount of dry goods, but almost the entire stock was totally destroyed. Fortunately it was insured for $2700,00, but this will not nearly cover the loss.—*Republican.*

A QUEER CASE!'—A week or more since Nr. John Hoy, who lives on his farm below town, had a dream that his large steam saw-mill in West Virginia—where he owns a considerable amount of timber lands—had burned to the ground. He told his family about it at breakfast, but they laughed at the folly of paying any attention to "such foolishness." The presentiment, however, was so firmly fixed in his mind that his mill had been lost that he came to town that day to await any news that might come. He told several friends here of his loss and how he found it out but of course everybody thought he was foolish to borrow trouble in that way.

Talking with a party the next day on the street corner, a telegram was placed in his hand. He said "I know it contains news of the loss of my West Virginia Mill." Upon opening it, however, he found it was from an entirely different quarter. Still he maintained that there could be no doubt about the presentiment. A day or two afterward his son Harvey arrived from West Verginia, bringing the expected news that the mill with all machinery and other contents had been destroyed by fire on the very night of the singular dream. And still people will continue to practice that dangerous habit.—*Tuten Republican.*

ORGANS.—The SMITH, RYNDER and JUBILEE ORGANS, are among the best recommended organs now offered. Any of these excellent instruments can be seen by calling on the Agent, Wm. Ettinger, Aaronsburg.

REBERSBURG & VICINITY.

Brushvalley continues to exist.

Rebersburg is on the war path.

Grasshoppers are coming in force.

Colorado vermins six hundred million strong.

Mr. Grimes of Tylersville has also commenced to fence some of our lots, formerly belonging to the Bierly estate.

Coal. In the neighborhood of Gramley's saw-mill there is favorable sign for the desired article in question. Reference, M. Hall of Rebersburg.

Rebersburg is extending her borders to the east. The latest erection was a saddler shop belonging to Mr. Gramley. He means to add a fine brick house in a short time, which will improve our village 'hugely.'

Correction. The pic-nic reported by "Argus" in Berichter to have taken place in Korman's grove, was held in Meyer's sugar grove where the sun does not shine a whole year round.

Sweet. Honey of course, but let all who love the same refrain from robbing the hives of our worthy citizen, J. Bressler, a second time, for fear it will result in a pair of sore "tootters" and an empty shot-gun. Boys be on the "qui vive," because the *master* means to be on the *bivouac.*

Among the latest was a pic-nic held in A. Bair's bottom on the 27th ult. The occasion was a pleasant one, and had in view the celebrating of the close of Mrs. Mattie J. Meyer's school. Some seventy or eighty were in attendance. Long live pic-nics.

Employment. All seeking for the same will do well to call upon our farmers throughout Brush & Penn's Valley who generously consented in some parts to alleviate a suffering public by paying five cents for every hundred potato bugs destroyed. Come on ye potato *buggers,* let your pocket-books grow fat while you may. HEW MON.

——PENNS CREEK ITEMS.—Mr. Daniel Erbe keeps a first class store, and sells cheap.

Some of the young men had better attend Sabbath school on Sunday instead of going bathing.

The dead-head spoken of in the Berichter, in its fling at the "Penns Creek Press" can be no other but G. W. Foote, for he is the only real dead-head in Penn twp., and a first class bummer. The dutch in his Berichter is like stricknine whiskey, it will kill any German at 40 rods. The Penns Creek Press is one thing, but bummer foot's press is neither Dutch nor English, democrat or radical. P. C. P.

——The Earlystown, Manor and Pine Stump Sunday Schools, intend holding a basket pic-nic on the Fourth.

We wonder how many Fourth of July orators, will begin their orations with "To-day ninety-eight years ago &c."

Some people are of the opinion that the potato bugs and chintz bugs are the same. This is an erroneous idea, as they are entirely different animiles.

The oats crop will be a partial if not an entire failure, on account of the continued drouth.

Harvest is almost here, and were it not for the fact that we have a constitutional antipathy against handling a rake, we would offer our services for the casion.

E. S.

On to Richmond.

Correspondence of the Reporter.

A trip from home by a quiet dutch farmer is quite an event, at least it was to me, but it would be uninteresting to your readers to recount all the sensations, of one not given to much traveling. At Harrisburg the cry "All aboard for Cumberland Valley," brought a goodly number into the cars, and away across the river we go, then through the whole length of the Valley, but, beautiful, fertile, well cultivated, with splendid buildings, thriving towns and villages, with thrift and prosperity stamped everywhere, yet your interest is not enlisted to its fullest extent, because you see but a counterpart of our own valley on a much larger scale. As you cross the state line, pass Hagerstown, you leave large dwelling houses bank barns and white pine behind you, different modes of cultivation meet the eye and you feel for the first time that you are in a strange land. Crossing the Potomac you speedily arrive at Martinsburg, the terminous of the C. V. R. and connecting with the Balt. & Ohio RR. Next morning, before breakfast, a train stops right at the door of the "Berkeley House" ready to take you to Harper's Ferry, where you are set down with a keen appetite, your mind filled with stories of "old John Brown;" inscriptions to his memory are still chalked on several stable doors. And now for Winchester—the "Winchestertown" of the famous "Sheridan's Ride"—then up the Shenandoah Valley; here limestone greet you again, only too many of them at a time, and giants at that, up and onward, past big boulders, little houses and no barns, along the little Shenandoah through a broken country, and right in among the hills you are at Staunton, a look at the Female Seminary, the extensive buildings and beautiful grounds of the insane asylum—well repay the walk. Onward, due east, and you wonder how the Blue ridge is scaled, presently all is dark and you dash into a tunnel, a mile or more in length, another tunnel, deep cuts, and you are in east Virginia, and directly at Charlottsville, but what a disappointment! imagination and former dreams would not harmonize with reality. And the country for miles around! talk about hills, Penn's valley has none, and such ravines and gullies. Sixty miles south with nothing but hills and gullies, log cabins and patches of tobacco, to feast your eyes on, you come to a place where a dozen hills are piled together, and on top of each other, and right there is Lynchburg the largest and best tobacco market in the world. Leaving Lynchburg, going east, the hills dwindle down and you reach bottom lands with gentle elevations on either side; Farmville, is announced, and a walk of two miles, brought me to Mr. Sam'l Gettig in time for an old fashioned Centre Co. dinner and Penn'a. dutch. Although their house was burned down, yet they are not scared, having fixed up some of their out houses, they have shelter for their family. As to crops, the Gettigs go in for variety, they have wheat, corn, oats, irish and sweet potatoes, squashes, water melons, field peas, beans, peanuts, tobacco and intend trying a little cotton; located near town they have market for any thing they may grow.

To Mrs. Wm. Zeigler belongs the credit of having a tip top garden. Mr. Zeigler's whole farm shows that a Pennsylvanian lives on it. Mr. Geiser jr. is all right, and fully able to take care of himself. And Jameson, well, he is the same old George yet, only a little more so, for he is a Granger, and that may account for his big clover, Wm. Neff and myself measured some, 3 ft. 7½ in. was the longest we could find; Elias Hoy has unbounded faith in Virginia, has a splendid farm, nice wheat and corn, and after he has built his ice house, brick dwelling and bank barn, Mrs. Hoy will be mistress of as fine a home as one may wish to see.

Christ Hoffer—and what of him?—well, he is doing finely, is well and likes it, and is not in the fix of the fellow, who had to sigh and sing of the "Girl I left behind."

All of our Centre Co. men have nice farms and there are plenty more to be had. A man who has a few thousand dollars, health, willingness to work and patience, can do well. The natives are neighborly and anxious for northern men to settle among them. Schools are good, but as yet somewhat far apart. Grangers are numerous, lands cheap and markets good, it takes only labor and patience to make their's one of the most pleasant localities in the world, but, without money there is no use going, nor should any one take his family there without having first seen for himself. All who desire cheap houses should go to Cumberland Co. Va.

T. G. ERHARD.

APPALLING CATASTROPHE.

Sad Ending of a Strawberry Festival—The Floor of a Church Gives Way—300 Persons Buried in the Ruins.

Syracuse, June 23.—A strawberry festival was being held at the parlors of the Central Baptist Church, when, without any premonition, the floor gave way, precipitating a room full into the story below. The parlor was on the second floor, and the room underneath was also full.

"The little ones, who were present in great numbers, and who had been looking forward to the occasion with high hopes of a jolly time, were preparing themselves for the feast, when the floor of the rooms in which they were began to crack, and the building seemed to sway as though a hurricane had struck it suddenly. Several of the grown people became alarmed and left the building precipitately, taking their children with them, and in the commotion five or six ladies were thrown down and trampled upon, their limbs fractured, in one or two instances sustaining fatal internal injuries. Through the almost superhuman exertions of the Rev. George T. Dowling, paster of the church, who was assisted by Dr. Wainwright and Jas. E. Duhn, quiet was to some degree restored, and then the fears of the little ones and ladies were overcome, and the ceremonies allowed to proceed without immediate interference. The terror that was experienced, however, threw a damper over the affair, and many were preparing to quit the building, despite the assurances given by the pastor and his associates, when suddenly the shock was repeated, and before the terrible position in which they were placed could be realized, the floor gave way and precipitated the entire assemblage into the rooms below. It was the second room that gave way, and the destruction of life which followed was dealt in great measures to those who occupied the ground parlors. The shrieks of the women and children who had been crushed, coupled with the groans of the dying men, were so terrible that they could be heard at a great distance. Scarce five minutes had elapsed ere the alarm was communicated to the fire and police departments, summoning immediate assistance therefrom. The inhabitants of the city also turned out *en masse,* not knowing what was the matter, and applying to each other for information as to the cause of the excitement. The result of these inquiries was, as is invariably the case on like occasions, the most extravagant rumors, confirming the general impression that an earthquake had visited the city. The firemen, however, who knew of the whereabouts of the disaster, were soon on the spot, and began systematically to clear away the debris, notwithstanding the excited populace, who could be counted by the thousands, and who kept up the most horrible din, rushing first one way, then another, and in many cases inflicting serious injuries upon each other. The announcement that the Baptist Church had fallen in, burying its ruins over one hundred human beings, increased the clamor tenfold, and those of the multitude who feared for the safety of their friends rent the atmosphere with their lamentations. The cries of the little ones, too, and the wailings of anxious mothers as they rushed hither and thither in search of their offspring, were enough to paralyze stout hearts. The floor gave way at half past 9 o'clock, and the excitement was at its height ten minutes later.

Cause of the Accident.

"The accident was caused by the giving way of the joist that supported the floor. The joist ran from both sides of the room to a cross stringer, the middle of which was supported by iron rods from the roof. The supporting truss was composed of planks spiked together. The stringer gave way, pulling the ceiling and roof down upon the people and precipitating them into the room below. It will thus be seen that defective construction of the building alone accounts for the disaster.

TILTON-BEECHER SCANDAL.

The Reopening of the Case by Renewed Accusations.

The news of Mr. Theodore Tilton's trip to New Haven, and his presentation there to the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon of a statement relating to the Beecher scandal, was printed in the papers recently. This intimation of a reopening of the case was a bombshell in the Plymouth congregation, many of whom stubornly denied the correctness of the publication. On 25th, ult. however, Mr. Tilton gave in his Golden Age the full text of the document, which is largely a reply to a series of articles written by Dr. Bacon, Moderator of the famous Council, in which that leader in Congregationalism assumed that Mr. Tilton was a calumniator whom Mr. Beecher forebore to crush; but there are in it new declarations as to the accusation against Mr. Beecher. The plainest of these are in the following language:

After I had been for fifteen years a member of Plymouth Church, and had become meanwhile an intimate friend of the pastor, knowledge came to me in 1870 that he had committed against me an offense which I forbear to name or characterize. Prompted by my self-respect, I immediately and forever ceased my attendance at his ministry. Informed him of this determination as early as January, 1871, in the presence of a mutual friend, Mr. Francis D. Moulton. * * * The pastor communicated to me in writing an apology, signed by his name. He also appealed to me to protect him from bringing reproach to the cause of religion. He alleged that an exposure would forbid him to reascend his pulpit.

The Drift of Comment.

An old story that Mrs. Tilton made the alleged disclosures about Mr. Beecher while in a spiritualistic trance, was revived by Mr. Tilton's reference to it in his letter. It was told in substance to Mr. E. F. Denyse, a newspaper reporter, by Mr. Sherman, the clerk of Plymouth Church and was printed in the Brooklyn Union. When Mr. Tilton read it he procured the sworn statement of Denyse as to the accuracy of the report, and then demanded of Mr. Sherman a written retraction personally delivered in the presence of Mr. Beecher. This was promptly acceded to, so Mr. Tilton says, and the apology was delivered at the house of Mr. Francis D. Moulton, in Brooklyn. Another point generally seized upon for comment was Mr. Tilton's solemn assertion: "The reason why Plymouth Church avoided an investigation into the scandal with which I was charged, was not because I, but another man, had brought dishonor on the Christian name. And yet this other person, a clergyman, permitted his church to brand me before the Council with an accusation which, had I been in his place and he in mine, I would have voluntarily borne for myself instead of casting on another" In general discussion this was coupled with Mr. Tilton's statement that an effort had been made to buy his silence, drawing out the following reply:

May 1 1874.

Henry Ward Beecher.

SIR: Mr. F. B. Carpenter, mentions to me your saying to him that under certain conditions, involving certain disavowals by me, a sum of money would or could be raised to send me, with my family to Europe for a term of years.

The occasion compels me to state explicitly that so long as life and self-respect continue to exist together in my breast, I shall be debarred from receiving either directly or indirectly, any pecuniary or other favor at your hands.

The reason for this feeling on my part you know so well that I will spare you the statement of it. Yours truly.

THEODORE TILTON.

The Alleged Confession by Beecher

The point considered strongest in Mr. Tilton's letter, however, was his reproduction of what purported to be a fragment of a confession by Mr. Beecher, dated Jan. 1, 1871, and quoted as follows:

I ask Theodore Tilton's forgiveness, and humble myself before him as I do before my God. He would have been a better man in my circumstances than I have been. I can ask nothing except that he will remember all the other breasts that would ache. I will not plead for myself. I even wish that I were dead.

An effort by a Sun reporter to settle the question of genuiness of the mutilated letter was vain. Mr. Shearman, Clerk of Plymouth Church, intimated that it might not have been written by Mr. Beecher, but he would not assert that it was a forgery. He thought, however, that because it had not been given in its entirely there was a chance for suspicion.

Plymouth on the Development.

Diversity of opinion prevailed in Plymouth Church yesterday as to action, Mr. Beecher had gone to his farm near Peekskill to spend his sixty-first birthday, omitting to go as usual on the excursion of Plymouth Sunday school to Cold Spring yesterday. A copy of Tilton's letter was sent to him by a special messenger. The Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, a brother of Henry Ward and a sharer with Mr. Thosmas G. Shearman, the lawyer, in the management of Plymouth Church with reference to the scandal, came to this city early in the morning. On the ferry boat he was asked what he thought of the new phase of the scandal. He replied that he could give no opinions, but supposed that Mr. Tilton's letter could be answered satisfactorily if it should be deemed necessary. He went to the office of Mr. Shearman in Nassau street, with whom he had an interview several hours long. Mr. Shearman subsequently said that he did not believe Mr. Tilton's allegation of Mr. Beecher's guilt. The usual Plymouth Church prayer meeting will be held this evening, and in accordance with the manual, a business meeting may be held after it. Throughout the treatment of the scandal, however, all the moves have been matured in the examining committee, and it is unlikely that a different course will be pursued at this momentous stage.

SANTA ANNA.

The old Hero Interviewed—Why He Returns to his Native Country.

General Santa Anna having returned to this city, after eighteen years of banishment, I went to see him at his residence at Calle Vergara, and I think the description of this meeting will interest your readers.

Having been well acquainted with this prominent man when at the hight of his power, in 1856, and on the point of placing a crown on his head, I was struck with the difference of now and then. At that time the streets were crowded to look at the *Su Alteza,* when driving with a large escort to the Pasoe, and now I found Don Antonio Lopez, living in the plainest style an old man, without ambition, his face full of wrinkles, but still marching pretty erect in spite of his artificial leg. Though approaching the age of eighty years, his black though scanty hair and

His whole Appearance,

is that of a man of sixty. General Miguel Andrade had the kindness to present me again to his fallen greatness. He received me and several other visitors without any ceremony, and made us sit down near him. To an old invalid officer he gave a tender abrazo, calling him mi veterano, and inquired after old companions in arms, many of whom had died already.

"I have returned to Mexico," he said "because my native country has to much attraction for me. When I was asked abroad, "Why do you long fer your ungrateful countrymen?" I answered that I wanted to be buried where my lost foot was resting. I now feel as if I had come to a foreign land. Already at Vera Cruz when asking for an old friend, I was invariably answered, dead! A whole generation has passed over me; and like the sands of the desert, the years are heaped on my head. I met on the road an old man with a white beard, who was my godchild, and whom I held in my arms when christened in 1822. I have become a stranger to all parties.

"I Have No Ambition,

I am astonished at everything I now see in this country, but I hope yet to find a last resting-place!"

His accent sounds rather strange and antiquarian, but still gives evidence of a natural eloquence. He then told us the curious story about his lost leg, and in the following words:

"Regarding my foot, I must mention that I believe it lost when the rabble took it from the tomb on the 6th of December, 1841, and dragged it through the streets; but yesterday a lady came to see me, telling me that her husband, who was an old colonel of the Mexican army, had preserved it, and recommended her to return it to me if I should ever come back to Mexico. I am expecting this gift to day at noon I consider this conduct more praiseworthy because the gift might have been made in 1853, when I was president, but then such action would have been considered an adulation."

When asked how he felt, Santa Anna answered "that in spite of his seventy-six years, which he reached on the 21st of February, he did not feel yet like dying, that his intelligence was prompt, his memory good, and that in writing his own life (of which forty-four sheets were finished already) he had consulted no document.

"Everything Is Right

here?" he said, striking his head, "but the want of a leg makes me thirty years older than I feel! I still remember that in 1820 Doctor Montesgudo made me swear on the Bible—in Tamba street, No. 24—to fight for the independence of New Spain. I then left for Vera Cruz, collected at Soledad 1,500 parochos, 276 infantry, and one fieldpiece—this made me a man."

He scarcely said these words when the lady arrived with the promised foot. Don Antonio opened the box and examined his relic with interest. The foot was perfectly mumified, but well conserved.

This interview ceased shortly after, and I was highly pleased in renewing the acquaintance of a man who, in spite of his many errors and acts of cruelty, proved about the only man who knew how to preserve order and govern the country. I hope that Congress will restore to him part of his confiscated estates, or at least give him a decent pension.—*Correspondence of the Alta California from the City of Mexico.*

STONE GRIST MILL BLOWN DOWN —FIVE MEN KILLED.

New York, June 25.—Last evening an immense stone grist mill owned by L. Hommedire at Branch, a village 15 miles from Mt. Sivaili and which for some time has been considered very unsafe, was blown down in a heavy gale of wind. The roof was first carried away and fell upon a horse and wagon twenty feet distant with a tremendous crash.

Eleven men were at work in the mills at the time the disaster occured. Immediately after the roof was swept away the massive stone walls caved in burying beneath the ruins five of the unhappy milliers, who were probably killed outright. Four men miraculously escaped injury, and two are badly bruised.

PUNISHMENT OF NICHOLAS.

London, June 27.—The Pall Mall Gazette has information that the Czar as a punishment to his nephew, the Grand Duke Nicholas, son of the Grand Duke Constantine, for the theft of his mother's diamonds, has banished him to the Caucasus for life and deprived him of the Cross of St. George, which was bestowed upon him for his achievements in the Khiva campaign.

THE RECENT STORM.

Thirty-two Lives Lost in New Brunswick—Great damage to Shipping.

Bathurst, June 26.—The gale of last week resulted in the loss of thirty two lives along the eastern coast of New Brunswick, nineteen being fishermen. Four barks and nine schooners were stranded, and about thirty fishing boats were wrecked.

Eight Persons Struck by Lightning.

Cincinati, June 25.—During the storm yesterday afternoon, the lightning struck a man at Churchville, Ohio, a woman at Huntington, West Virginia, two young men at Kalamazoo, Michigan, the Postmaster at Marion, Indiana, and three persons near Fort Wayne, Indiana.

THREE PERSONS BURNED TO DEATH.

Louisville, Ky., June 25.—The house of John D. Scott, in Green county, Ky., was burned Sunday morning. Mr. Scott, his daughter and a son of Wm. Perkins perished in the flames.

RUSSIA.

Disastrous Fires—Over 1,200 Houses In Ruins.

London, June 29.—Russian papers received, contain reports of very destructive fires at Berditchev, in Volhynia, inhabited mostly by Jews. One day 600 houses were burned and the next day nearly as many more were destroyed. The two succeeding days the town was again visited by fires and whole streets were laid in ashes. Thousands of persons are homeless.

Two weeks ago Mrs. Cook, of Blount county, Ala., missed her three children, the eldest aged six years. Search was made and it was found drowned in the well. Mrs. Cook went crazy, and two or three days after escaped her attendants and drowned herself in the same well.

NEWPORT, PERRY COUNTY, THE SCENE OF A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

Newport, Perry Co., Pa., June 25.—A fearful fire ranged here all the afternoon and the following properties have been destroyed: dwelling houses, 4; hotels, 1; business places, 7; number of buildings burned, 12.

Acting Governor Talbot, of Massachusetts has vetoed the liquor-license bill.

CANADA THISTLES.—Mr. O. P. Patton, writing from Rush township, Northumberland county, says—I would say to all who are troubled with Canada Thistles, that some four years ago I discovered two patches of these pests on my farm On one I tried digging up the roots one or two years without success. On the other I sank holes around through the lot with a crow bar, and filled them with refuse brine from pork barrels, and this was attended with perfect success. I then gave the other the same treatment, and have not seen a sprout since.

For the Reporter.

Good Nominees.

FRIEND KURTZ:—You were correct in your last Reporter, in stating "that candidates are begining to move around," and also true that "their fitness is being discussed," and that "men will not vote anything now as they used to do, because its the party nominee,—they have got over that idea." We are glad that you have spoken out in the Reporter the intentions of the people, in time to prevent dissatisfaction in our ranks, in the formation of the democratic ticket. Therefore the selection of delegates is an important matter. They will have to nominate the men whom the people will be asked to send to represent us in the national and state representative halls, and to dispense justice in our courts; that no higher function could devolve upon the delegate to discharge with a determination to cast aside all personal predilection for men, and to act with a simple eye to the best interests of his country.

In most instances heretofore the average delegate was a mere political machine pledged before times to vote for the nomination of one politician or another, and going into the convention to push to success the candidate to whose influence he owes his place. In a word, under the cover of party they go for their man disregarding the Jeffersonian requirement, "Is he honest, is he capable;" and it is notorious that there have been candidates who have resorted to the lowest and most reprehensible tricks and devices of the political trader, and who are willing to wade through any depths of political mire to secure their object. But it must be clear to every intelligent man that at no time has the democratic organization been in such need of candidates of integrity, ability and strong in public confidence as now. There are bummers in the ranks, and worse than all, there is disposition to break away from party lines if political intriguers, self-seekers and jobbers are placed in nomination who push themselves forward to secure prizes of such honor and responsibility; yet, should such political trimmers succeed in their schemes, they will make the election day the most memorable one for scratching they have ever known, as the present temper of the people is demanding more persistently than ever before, that honest and able men should be chosen to office, and must be above suspicion both as to ability and character. In Mackey for Congress, Wallace for Senator, and Orvis for Judge, we have such men, and their nomination for the respective offices will be best carrying out the will of the people. For the Legislature we require candidates of known ability and honesty to represent us. Under the new Constitution there is yet much to be done in the framing of general laws, as questions of vital importance will come up for discussion; therefore it is important that men of integrity and influence should be sent to Harrisburg to represent Centre county—and democrats should see to it that candidates of this stamp are placed on the ticket. The delegates need not go outside the strictest party lines to find candidates of assured integrity and indisputable purity and possessing the confidence of their fellow-citizens. If the democratic party of Centre will be guided by such considerations in its nominations, there need be no fear of the result of the election. POTTER.

MARRIAGES.

On 21, Philip Leitzel and Miss Becky Hartman, both of Millheim.

On Tuesday June 23d, 1874, in Lancaster, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. Mr. Guisinger, pastor of Grace Lutheran church Lancaster, William V. Runkle M. D. of Centre Hall, to Lucy M. Fife, formerly of Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

In Sugar Valley, on the 28th ult., of paralysis, David Mark, aged 78 years.

On 26th ult., at Woodward, of consumption, Catherine Harpor, aged 31 years, 3 months and 11 days.

On 28th ult., in Gregg twp., Cora Rebecca Hubler, aged 7 months and 26 days.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be exposed to Public Sale, at the late residence of Wm. Gentzel, dec'd, in Gregg twp., on WEDNESDAY, JULY 8th, at 10 o'clock, a. m. 1 Horse, 3 Cows, 1 Heifer, 8 Hogs, 1 2-Horse Wagon, 1 2 Horse Spring wagon, 1 Top Buggy, 1 2-Horse Sled, 1 Sleigh, 2 Logsleds, 1 set Tug Harness, Single Harness, Forks, Chairs, and other farming utensils Also Beds, Bedsteads, Corner Cupboards, 1 Cooking Stove, 1 Ten-plate Stove, Tables, Chairs, Dishes, Tubs, Meat Vessels. Also about 3000 feet of Poplar, Linn, Oak and Spruce Lumber.

GEORGE GENTZEL,
HENRY GENTZEL, Adm'rs.

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California wheat this year covers two million acres.

Queen Victoria commenced the 37 year of her reign on last Saturday.

A tornado in Tennessee on Saturday evening last, did great damage to crops.

In Connecticut the Legislature is rapidly removing republicans fuom office and svbstituding demoedats.

Assembly.

Mr. Editor:—In looking around for good men for Assembly, permit me to recommend Hon. Sam'l Gilliland, of Harris, for the place. He does not ask it, and is a man of integrity and fitness. Hoping that so good and competent a gentleman will agree to have his fellow-citizens support him, I trust the people of this valley will throw their support to one eminently worthy their support. He will do credit to the county. A VOTER.

For the Reporter.

DR. P. S. FISHER.

The gentleman whose name heads this article, we are told, is a candidate for the Legislature. We take pride in announcing this fact to your readers, and the appearance of his name on the ticket would be hailed with delight by every citizen. The doctor is an able, sterling democrat, is competent for the position and deserves to be honored with the nomination. His prospects are flattering from all parts of the county, we are informed. MANY.

We are authorized to announce that B. F. Philips, of Aaronsburg, will be a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce that S. S. Wolf, of Centre Hall, will be a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of Dr. Peter Smith, of Centre Hall, as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

District Attorney.

We are authorized to announce that J. L. Spangler, of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for District attorney, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

Mr. Editor:—Permit me, through your paper, to state that I am a candidate for re-nomination (according to the usages of the party,) for District Attorney.

JOHN F. POTTER.

MARKETS.

New York, June 29.—Wheat heavy and lower; No 2 spring $1 35@1 36; No 1 spring $1 43. Rye dull at $1 07@1 14. Barley nominal. Corn heavy and lower; western mixed 78@80c; yellow 80@81c. Oats heavy and lower; mixed western 60 @62c; white 64@66c. Coffee firm at 19½ @22½c. Sugar steady. Molasses and rice quiet. Eggs firm at 18@20c. Pork firmer at $18 cash. Beef quiet: prime mess tierces $20@22; India $24.

Chicago.

Chicago, June 29.—Flour dull and nominal. Wheat dull and declined; No 1 spring $1 21; No 2 $1 16¼ cash; $1 16¼ seller July; $1 09¼ seller August; No 3 $1 09@1 10; rejected 99c. Corn—demand fair and prices advanced; No 2 mixed 60½c cash; 60c seller July; 60½c seller August; rejected 57@57½c; high mixed 61@61½c. Oats steady and in moderate demand; No 2 44½c cash; 41@41½c seller July; 35c seller August. Rye quiet; No 1 88c. Barley dull and nominal; No 1 quotable at $1 18@1 25.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White 97wheat $1 30 Red 125....Rye.....80.....Corn 80 .....Oats 55.....Barley 80. 70.....Clo verseed 4.50.....Potatoes 60 Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 06 Butter 20.....Eggs 15. .....Plaster per ton $15 Tallow 8.....Bacon 10.....Ham 15 Lard per pound 8 cents.....Buck wheat 65 cts.....Flour per barrel retail 8,50... wholesale 7,25 to 7,50

MILROY MARKETS

White wheat 1,30....Red wheat 125....Rye 60.....Corn 50 .....Oats 35.....Barley 80..... Cloverseed 4,00.....Timothyseed, 350..... Salt 2 25 per sack..... Bacon 7c.....Ham 15.....Butter 20....Eggs 20.....Plaster 9 50

Chestnut Coal per Ton $5.75.....Stove Coal per Ton $6.50.....Egg Coal per Ton $6.50..... Limeburner's Coal per Ton $3.50

ESTRAYS.—Two head of young cattle, the one a steer, the other a heifer, came to the premises of the undersigned on 18 inst. They are about 2 years old; the one is red and the other is a light-red color. The owner is requested to prove property pay charges, and remove the same.

Ju 25-3t. MARTIN HOGAN.

ANNUAL FINANCIAL STATEMENT.—Receipts and expenditures of Potter School District for the year ending June 1st, 1874.

J C Boal, Treas'r in account		
Gross am't of tax duplicate for school and other purposes		$5394 33
Bal on Phil Durst note	$ 11 06	
John Bitner due bill	32 32	
Wm Stump order	63 21	
Cash from successor	250 09	
" John Farmer col '71	7 00	
State appropriation for 1873	438 00	
Cash from D. F. Luse col 1872	431 00	
Am't received from Benner twp. tuition	20 52	
Am't tax received with abatement	3351 21	
Am't receiv'd from Potter twp Grange, room rent	9 00	
Bal duplicate (less tax received)	2043 12	
Total Receipts	$6656 53	
EXPENDITURES.		
Paid teachers' salary	$ 3370 00	
" S. S. Farner for new school house, Centre Hall	3929 87	
" B & S S R R & Co for coal	38 77	
" Hauling Same	43 56	
" Shortlidge & Co. for coal for Centre Hall schools	61 14	
" Hauling same	27 03	
" for wood furnished at 9 school houses	135 00	
" for kindling wood	21 80	
" Wm Wolf school room rent	40 00	
" Henry Royer lease of school lot	1 50	
" Van Pelt & Co for stove and repairing stoves	30 65	
" J A Reesman for spouting, stove pipe, &c	34-31	
" for repairing school houses	13 87	
" for brooms, buckets, cups, glass, coal hods, &c	25 24	
" S M Swartz, for filling duplicate	5 00	
" Fred Kurtz for adv.	16 00	
" W C Farner for building privy at Manor & repairing school houses	45 56	
" Strohm & Swartz for material and fencing school yard at Church ville	18 88	
" discount on money for the use of Potter school Board	12 33	
" Salary, stationary, & postage, to Sec'y	31 00	
Contingencies	27 83	
Due J C Boal for money over paid	49 13	
5 per cent. abatement on $3351 21	167 56	
Commission of Treasurer 2 per centon $6252.02	125 04	
" unsettled bills of last year	137 89	
Total Expenditures and obligations of the district		$7507.96
Indebtedness		851 43
Am't due on unsettled bills	946 96	
" of unsettled note in Treasury	95 53	
Liabilities in excess of Treas's resources		$851 43
Am't due districts from outstanding taxes	36 43	
" tuition due from other districts	111 08	
Total resources		147 51
Liabilities in excess of all resources		703 92

PETER HOFFER, Pres't.
W. W. ROYER, Sec'y.

We the undersigned Auditors have examined the above accounts, and find them to be correct to the best of our knowledge and belief.

JAS. McCLINTIC,
J. M. GILLILAND,
J. J. ARNEY, Auditors.
WM. SPANGLER, Clerk.

jn25

Royal gissip says that Eugenie and Victoria keep up a regular correspondence, and tell each other all the news that is circulating.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Wm. Gentzel, of Gregg twp., dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, who request all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having demands against the same to present them duly authenticated by law for settlement.

GEORGE GENTZEL,
HENRY GENTZEL,
June 18. 6t. Admr's.

KINKEL'S NEW METHOD FOR THE REED ORGAN.

We would call the attention of Teachers and Amateurs to Kinkel's New Method for the Reed Organ and Melodeon, as being the best work for these Instruments. This work is pronounced superior to all others of its class by Teachers who have examined it. It contains a clear and simple course of instruction whereby any one may easily acquire the mastery of this favorite Instrument, with a few months' study. It will always be a favorite with the Teacher, on account

Farm Garden and Household.

Farm Notes and Hints.

Rainy days can be turned to good account in getting ready for haying, in cleaning and whitewashing cellars, in repairing broken tools and implements, and putting everything in order.

Do not throw plow-points, cultivator-teeth, wheels, coulters, harrow-teeth, chains and pieces of chain, rings, clevis, extra whiffletrees, neck-yokes, etc., into some dark and dusty corner, but put some wire round them and hang them up where they can be seen.

Grind hoes, and keep them constantly bright and sharp. Spades also, and if you have a power grindstone it will pay well to grind coulters, cultivator-teeth, and plow-points.

Clover should be cut for hay as soon as the earliest blossoms begin to get brown. There can be no doubt that early cut hay is more nutritious, or at any rate more readily digested, than when the grass or clover is allowed to get ripe.

Timothy and other grass, if intended for consumption on the farm, should also be cut early. If to be sold for city horses, you will get more hay, and a better price, by letting it grow until the seed is beginning to form.

In curing clover hay, our own plan is to start the machines in the afternoon and keep cutting until dark. Dew or rain will not hurt grass while it is green. The next morning, after the dew is off, rake the partially dried grass into small windrows with a steel rake. Turn them immediately after dinner, and towards night rake into larger windrows and put into cock. Turn or spread out the cocks the next morning, and draw in the hay in the afternoon.

Milch cows should now furnish a full pail of rich milk. See that they have access to plenty of fresh water. Unless the grass is unusually rich, from one to two pints of corn meal stirred in a pail of water and given twice a day will often prove profitable.

Calves and young stock should have the best of pasture and more or less corn meal soaked in water or cooked. The quantity will depend on the age and other circumstances. As a rule, from half a pound of meal to one pound for each 100 pounds of live weight will not be over-feeding.

The above rule will apply to sheep. The English farmers find it profitable to give grain or oilcake to their fattening sheep and lambs even when running in rich pastures.

Ewes and lambs should have good pasture and access to water. The lambs will pay well for a little grain fed in an inclosure separate from the ewes. For scours, change the pasture and let the sheep have what hay they will eat.

In washing sheep, be careful to keep the nose and mouth of the sheep out of the water. Tag the sheep before washing.

Lambs should be dipped in a solution of carbolic soap to kill ticks. Repeat in two or three weeks.

Swine should have access to fresh water and the run of a good clover or grass pasture. Let them have coal or wood ashes, salt, sulphur, and charcoal—all they will eat.

Young pigs are unusually scarce, and pork is likely to bring good prices. Feed liberally. Give the young pigs all the milk. The old ones can get along without it. The secret of producing good and cheap pork is to get an improved breed and feed liberally, especially while the pigs are young.

A Good Fertilizer.

The *Scientific American* says farmers have to pay a high price for an article which with a little skill they could make themselves during the winter months or rainy days when they have little else to do, and gives a receipt for a cheap fertilizer successfully used by farmers in Pennsylvania and Ohio. The formula presented below is, however, wanting—except incidentally, as recommended—in the ingredient which is most apt to give trouble and to cause injury in transportation and handling, viz.: oil of vitriol, or sulphuric acid, and is doubtless a good one, if the article is applied in sufficient quantities. The mixture is especially recommended for potatoes and wheat by a farmer who has tried it, and who says he has used it with success on corn and other products. It is as follows:

Take 1,000 pounds of good mould, sift and screen it to get the gravel out, and make it as fine as possible; then spread on a floor, add 100 pounds sulphate ammonia, 100 pounds common salt, and mix with a rake; when thoroughly mixed, add twenty-five pounds pearl ash and twenty-two pounds sulphate of soda, mix well; then add 400 pounds ground bone, twenty-five pounds ground plaster. Mix the whole thoroughly, throw in a pile for forty-eight hours, and it is fit for use. If it is to be used for potatoes in districts where potato bugs are numerous, five gallons sulphuric acid may be sprinkled over the mass. The caution is added that the acid must not be used in a confined place, as the fumes are injurious to health, and that if it is spilled on the floor, water must be thrown on, as the mixture generates heat.

Hog Cholera.

A. G. Wallace, of Tuscola, Ill., recommends in the *Agriculturist*, the following as a feed for hogs when the cholera is raging: Use two swill barrels. Mix a feed of bran, shorts, or middlings, and water and feed only after fermentation. This mixture soon becomes sour standing in the sun, and is devoured eagerly by the hogs. Feed once a day through the season when hogs are most likely to have the disease. By using two barrels, and mixing in one in time for fermentation to take place bfore the supply is exhausted in the other, the same degree of "sourness" is maintained. He has fed this regularly for five years in the cholera season, and has not lost a single animal. Others who have tried it have met with the same success. Mr. Wallace has in the same time lost no chickens or turkeys by disease, and he attributes their freedom from disease to the use of the fermented food. The cholera has made sad havoc among the hogs in Central and Southern Illinois this season, and as all the old preventives and remedies have failed, the very simple one above given may prove of value.

Dry Food for Horses.

The *Spirit of the Times* says: We never have believed and never shall believe that chopped hay and corn meal, saturated with water, is proper for a working horse as a general diet. We firmly believe that the food of a working horse who cannot be pastured should be good sound oats and sweet hay for at least five days a week. Look at the South, where the common run of working horses are fed on corn. What is found there? Why, the big head, a terrible and almost incurable complaint. We also think that corn meal is the very worst way of feeding corn to a horse that was ever practiced. And the chopped wet hay is not half so good as fine timothy from the mow. We like to hear the horse grinding up his good timothy hay like a grist mill, after he has finished his oats. A nice mash once in a while is good, and a very different thing from almost constant diet.

A Little Hero.

A correspondent of the Boston *Globe*, writing of the Mill River disaster, says: "Some of the workmen of the brass works have a little hero of their own in the person of Jimmy Ryan, Tom Ryan's boy, a lad about twelve years of age, whose father worked in one of the shops and lived up at Williamsburg. When the news first came to that village he got his mother and seven little brothers out of the house to a place of safety, and then took a team and drove to Haydenville to warn his father. He and Graves left the village together, and those who saw them thought they were racing horses. He reached Haydenville after Graves and before Hillman turned back, and went straight to his father in the brass shop, and told him and other workmen what had happened. Many of the workmen say that they received the first warning from Jimmy Ryan, as did some people along the road as he came down."

THREE GIRLS DROWNED.

A Heroic Boy Loses his Life in an Endeavor to Rescue Them.

One of the most lamentable casualities that has been recorded in these columns, says the Detroit *Post*, occurred Sunday afternoon on Roulean Creek, generally denominated as the east branch of the River Rouge, at a point just back of Woodmere cemetery.

In this vicinity reside two farmers, Germans, named John Houseve and Antoine Wolf. Sunday afternoon about three o'clock, Anna Wolfe, aged 14 years, Barbara Wolf, aged 9, and Augusta Houseve, aged 14, daughters of of the above-named farmers, got into an old canoe, and rowed out into the sluggish stream, and for nearly two hours were paddling around on what was once a mill-pond, but is now a shallow body of water, about six or seven feet in depth.

Other children were also out rowing about in that immediate vicinity, but at the time of the accident none of these were in sight of the ill-fated girls, and nothing is, or ever can be known as to how the disaster occurred. The first intimation anyone had that aught had happened, the voice of Augusta Houseve was heard shouting, "August! August! Help! Help!" the cries being uttered in a tone of voice indicating great peril. They reached the ears of Mr. Houseve and his wife, but for some incomprehensible reason, he, instead of running directly to the creek, distant not more than 30 rods, ran to a neighbor's house for assistance.

August Houseve, a boy 18 years of age, was also out in a boat, and when last seen by the other boys was several rods above the boat containing the girls, and out of sight around a bend in the stream. His sister's cries, however, reached his ears, and he went to her assistance and that of her companions, losing his life in the effort to save theirs. Whether the girls tipped his boat over in their frantic endeavors to climb into it, or whether he plunged overboard to rescue them, was clutched by them and dragged to the bottom, must always remain a mystery. When Mr. Houseve and the neighbors reached the bank of the creek they found the two boats floating side by side, each nearly filled with water. The bodies were recovered about 15 minutes after the accident.

A Plucky Woman.

Here, now, is a personal, taken from the last number received here of the London *Court Journal*, that will arrest the attention, if not the admiration, of our lady readers: "Not very long since a young English couple, very well off, and of good social status, went out in the same ship to Australia with their respective families. The sequence was marriage. For a time they lived happily together, but with or without cause the green-eyed monster came between them, and the usual matrimonial warfare naturally followed. In the end the husband resolved to seek the happiness he could not find at home in a flight to the old country; and so his wife one morning found a letter which conveyed to her the cheering intelligence that while she was reading it her lord and master would be plowing his way to London in the Brucklay Castle, and that he did not intend to return for at least a year. The wife received the information like a woman and an Aberdonian. She went straight to the dock whence her husband had sailed, ascertained that, under an assumed name, he had really made tracks for England, took a first-class passage on board the Great Britain (the first ship that followed the Brucklay Castle), and followed in pursuit. The winds and waves have favored her, and she has beaten her husband. The Great Britain arrived in Liverpool yesterday, and the wife arrived in London to-day, took apartments for herself and her husband at a hotel in —— Square, and has now gone to the sea-side to give the runaway a fitting reception when the Brucklay Castle comes into port. The wife is only twenty-five years of age, and looks so gentle that no one would suppose her capable of doing so spirited a feat."

A Singular Suit.

The New York *Daily Graphic* has sued Bennett, of the *Herald*, for refusing to publish an advertisement. The complaint sets forth that on or about May 5, 1874, there occurred in said city an event of importance and great public interest, to wit, a pedestrian match or contest between said defendant, James Gordon Bennett, and one John Whipple, Esq., for a wager or stake of $3,000 in lawful money (currency), over a course or track as follows, viz.: being from the curbstone on the north side of Thirty-eighth street to the road leading toward entrance of Jerome Park, and thence down the lane to the gate entrance of Jerome Park.

The complaint shows further that the defendant triumphed in said contest or pedestrian race, and that the plaintiffs illustrated the scene in their paper, the *Graphic*, and also that they did, on the 5th day of May, 1874, for good and valuable consideration by them paid to defendant, contract and agree to and with the defendant, through his duly authorized agent, to insert in defendant's newspaper—the New York *Herald*—an advertisement or notice of said forthcoming picture and illustration of said race, and of the defendant and his said competitor as they appeared while accomplishing the same. And the defendant was bound to insert in his said newspaper said advertisement or notice, but neglected to do so, thus damaging the plaintiff.

The case is in court, and will settle the often vexed question whether a publisher may or may not publish an advertisement, as he sees fit.

Enforcing Taxation in Egypt.

The whole system of government in Egypt is rotten. The ruler himself, says the Rev. T. W. Chambers in the *Christian Intelligencer*, sells his offices, and every subordinate follows this high example. The consequence is great poverty among all the native population. The Khedive wants large sums from the twenty-eight governors among whom Egypt is divided; the governors in turn demand large amounts from the Sheiks or local authorities of each village; and the Sheiks must wring this out of the Fellaheen. The rule is to exact whatever each man can be forced to pay, and to increase the sum every year if possible. When any one refuses, the bastinado is unsparingly applied. The following incident I believe to be well authenticated. A man whose tax had been put at two pounds refused to give it. He was thrown down, his soles turned up and a hundred blows inflicted; then fifty more, but the man still insisted on his inability, when he was let off; but the Sheik in his rage gave him a parting cuff on the face, and lo! this knocked out two sovereigns which he had put there in case his power of endurance should give way. This is not a solitary instance.

Joan of Arc.

Now that the canonization of Joan of Arc is being agitated, says an exchange, the old doubts about her fate are being revived. It is not disputed that a girl was burned as a witch, who has generally been supposed to be Joan. Still, there are ancient traditions to the effect that the victim was another person, and some plausible, but not generally credited, statements that the real Joan survived her campaigns and was lawfully married. Voltaire made the career of Joan the subject of a vile travesty, but her reputation has survived his unscrupulous wit, and the majority of readers will continue to believe in her story as it is ordinarily told, however strong may be the doubts which destructive criticism may throw upon it. The received tradition is too tragically interesting to be rejected. Horace Walpole whitewashed Richard III. with most artistic skill, but the Richard of public opinion is still the villain whose portrait was drawn by Shakspeare. Whether fancy or fact determined the coloring of the picture, the result has been the same.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

The small-pox is reported to be raging in Jamaica.....An international conference, to discuss measures to prevent the spread of cholera and for the regulation of quarantine, has met in Vienna.....The Earl of Yarborough disappeared mysteriously from the English House of Lords, recently, and has not been seen since.....The insurrection at Fez has been quelled. The Sultan's troops opened a heavy cannonade on the town and kept it up several hours. Many houses and stores were burned. The troops afterward entered and sacked a portion of the town. Ninety of the inhabitants were killed. The loss of the troops was trifling. The insurgents gave up the fight and submitted, and the Sultan has granted them an amnesty.....The District of Columbia Investigating Committee have agreed to report a bill abolishing the entire District Government.....Balances in the U. S. Treasury: Currency, $12,309,128; special deposit of legal-tenders for redemption of certificates of deposit, $57,975,000; coin, $81,997,873, including coin certificates, $32,479,000; outstanding legal-tenders, $382,000,000.....The U. S. House of Representatives passed the bill for the admission of Colorado as a State.....The U. S. Senate Committee on Territories, having concluded the examination of additional charges against Gen. McCook, decided by a majority vote to again report favorably on his nomination to be Governor of Colorado.

Don Carlos has issued a decree authorizing the provinces now occupied by his forces to elect members of a council which is to personally attend him in Spain.....The communists in London gave Henri Rochefort a banquet on his arrival in England.....The boundary question between Chili and the Argentine Republic and the dispute between Chili and Boliva are to be settled by arbitration.....Senor Vega Armizo has accepted the appointment of Spanish Ambassador to France.....Mrs. Mary Chrine, aged 22, residing six miles from Baltimore, was burned to a crisp by an explosion of coal oil.....Almus White, of Monson, Mass., was instantly killed by falling from the roof of a house on which he was at work.....Mrs. Henry Runsen, of Port Washington, L. I., was provided with a prescription and took it to the village druggist. The clerk, who is a new hand, by some means gave her forty-two grains of morphine, which she took as a dose. In a few minutes she fell into a stupor, from which she could not be aroused.....Mrs. Vanderburg, aged seventeen, and just married, of Cincinnati, was fatally burned while kindling a fire with coal oil.....Twenty-seven persons were drowned during a storm on Oneida and Onondaga Lakes recently.....An elaborate statement has been prepared showing that the U. S. Government pays $1,000,000 per annum to railroads for carrying the mails. It also proves from official statistics that the Government is now paying railroads more for the transportation of the mails than the railroad companies demand per pound for freight or passengers.....At Watertown, Wisconsin, a conductor on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad was tried for refusing to admit a man to his train without a ticket. The complainant proved that he had tendered the legal rate for a ticket, and was refused. The conductor was found guilty, and fined $200.

The May frosts have done almost as much damage in the hop-growing counties of England as in the French vineyards. The destruction of a large portion of the hop crop will be the result. In the low-lying grounds, usually the most prolific, the vine has been the most seriously injured.....At the Anaheim vineyards in Los Angeles over one hundred thousand cuttings of raisin grape have been planted this spring. The Old Mission grape of California has been abandoned, and the people are going into the raising of raisins.....At the Stanton shaft of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company, James Williams, a watchman, was descending the shaft, when an explosion of gas occurred, and he was thrown to the bottom, a distance of 600 feet. There are twenty-five feet of water in the shaft, and his body has not as yet been recovered.....An oil tank at Greenwood station, on the Erie Railway, exploded recently. A piece of the tank struck Stephen Carey, a conductor, killing him.....The trial of Mrs. Trimble, at Bucyrus, O., for the violation of the ordinance to prevent crusading, resulted in a verdict of guilty, the jury being out an hour and a half. Judge Scott, counsel for the defendant, made a motion for a new trial, which was overruled, the mayor saying there was no use arguing the question, as he had made up his mind not to grant it. The prisoner was sentenced to pay a fine of $15 and costs, in all amounting to $175. A bond was given for the costs, and the case will be carried to the Supreme Court on error. The attendance each day at the trial was immense.....Mr. Thomas Booth of Peekskill was instantly killed in the People's Stool Works of that village by the bursting of an emery wheel at which he was working. A piece of the stone, weighing about twenty pounds, struck his head. He was thirty-eight years of age.....For diphtheria a correspondent recommends one teaspoonful of table salt and one teaspoonful of powdered alum in a cup of water sweetened with honey—to be used as a gargle for the the throat every half hour or oftener.

Fearfully Hard on Parker.

Says an exchange:—Our young friend Parker went round the other evening to visit the two Miss Smiths. After conversing with them for a while, Miss Susan excused herself for a few moments and went up stairs. Presently Parker thought he heard her coming, and slipping behind the door, he suggested the other Miss Smith should tell Miss Susan that he had gone. But it wasn't Miss Susan; it was old Mr. Smith in his slippers. As he entered he looked around and said to his daughter: "Ah, ha! so Parker's gone, has he? Good riddance. I don't want any such idiot foolin' round here. He hasn't got the sense of a cuta baga turnip, or money enough to buy a clean shirt. He gets none of my daughters, I'll shake the everlasting life out of him if I catch him here again, mind me!" Just as he concluded Susan came down, and not perceiving Parker, said: "Thank goodness, he's gone! That man is enough to provoke a saint. I was awfully afraid he was going to stay and spend the evening. Mary Jane, I hope you didn't ask him to come again." Then Parker didn't know whether to stay there or bolt, while Mary Jane looked as if she would like to drop into the cellar. But Parker finally walked out, rushed to the entrance, seized his hat, shot down the steps, and went home, meditating on the emptiness of human happiness and the uncertainty of the Smith family.

Gushing Couples.

What a study for the disinterested to watch the "billing and cooing" of a newly-married couple when they are in a gushing mood. How lovingly in the street or at a funeral she hangs upon his arm. As he gazes down into her face, lifted appealingly to his, all thoughts of earth and earthly things disappear as "mist before the noon-day sun." Heaven itself becomes a dreary place compared to their happiness. They become a mutual admiration society. In them the enterprising Yankee beholds a fortune could he but exhibit them at dissolving views. See how natural their hands seek out and find each other. How lovingly he administers "love taps" to the No. 8 hand resting so cozily in his toil-hardened "pair." Their faces, acting as strong magnets, draw nearer and nearer until daylight has no power to pass between. Hear, or imagine you do, the sharp click that follows. Observe how little space they occupy—at first. How attentive is Mr. Happiness as he assists the "apple of his eye" in or out of his carriage. We will say no more, as those who have been there know how it is, and those who have not will learn rapidly enough, but we honestly think that at "gushing" a much-married elderly couple can give untried and timid youth odds and then distance them.

No Disturbance.—During the recent journey of Queen Victoria from Windsor to Balmoral the public were excluded from the stations except at Windsor and Oxford, and instructions were given to the porters to perform all necessary work on the platform without noise, so that the Queen might be perfectly undisturbed during the night journey.

LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Some Antagonistic Pictures from the Records of that City.

"Mrs. Mary Thomas testified that Mrs. Hurley turned her out of the Girls' Lodging House on a stormy night to die in the Fifth Street Station House, and Sergeant Snyder swore that on the morning of the 18th of March he found Mary lying sick on the floor in the station-house. She was in distress, and said:

"'For God's sake, have some one do something for me!' and in the midst of her crying and mourning she gave birth to a child."—*Police Report.*

"But the private stables of Mr. Belmont, Bonner, and many other gentlemen are made of black walnut, beautifully furnished, and nicely warmed. The horses are clothed in soft, white blankets, and fed and cleaned with the regularity of clockwork. I am endeavoring to have all other animals well cared for, too, and to accomplish this I caused the arrest of a private coachman to-day, and detained the carriage in front of A. T. Stewart's, because the driver had driven tacks in the side of the bridle, which pricked and chafed the horse, compelling him to keep his head straight. If cars are overloaded the horses will be stopped, and the people will have to walk."—*Bergh's Letter.*

"A woman, who up to the time of our going to press had not been identified, was found dead yesterday morning on a door step in Thirty-fourth street. The deceased evidently wandered from some of the poorer wards in search of employment, and from her emaciated condition, it is probable she had not tasted food for several days. It is thought that poverty and starvation caused her death. The body, scantily clothed in a few rags, lays unclaimed in the "Morgue."—*Police Gazette.*

But "Mrs. Livingstone's elegant and fashionable reception and german, at her palatial Fifth avenue mansion on Monday evening, was too gorgeous for description. Many of the ladies' toilets came from Worth's, and cost fabulous sums, and the flowers which draped the rooms—all rare exotics—must have cost a small fortune. Among the guests sparkling with jewels was Mrs. Lawrence, whose bridal *trousseau*, when she was married last week, is said to have cost $7,000. The rare and expensive wines which cheered the occasion astonished even the *connoisseurs.*"—*Home Journal.*

"Bellevue Hospital is often crowded to excess with sick, so much so that patients suffer through bad air and inattention. * * * * * *

"It is impossible to warm the Tombs, or to keep it from being damp, unwholesome, and sickly; and until an appropriation of at least $50,000 is made by the city, prisoners must continue to be crowded together and continue to suffer, especially in cold weather, beneath damp bed clothes."—*Report Commissioners of Charities and Correction.*

But "the Park Commissioner is of the opinion that it will cost $5,000,000 to complete the new Natural History buildings in Central Park, to give ample room for the minerals, fossils, and live animals. The wild animals of the zoological collection take up a large amount of room in the Park buildings, and it costs the city a great deal of money to feed them and keep them properly warmed, but they are a source of great amusement to the nurses and children."—*Park Commissioner's Report.*

The Vesuvius "Funicular" Railway.

The *Liberta* of Rome describes the model of a "funicular railway," the concession of which has been applied for to the Italian Government by a company that proposes to construct it up to the crater of Mount Vesuvius. The model consists of an inclined plane presenting a gradient of thirty-three per cent. with a double line of rails, one for going up and the other for the descent. The engine, which is fixed at the botton of the plane, sets two drums in motion, round which the metallic cable is wound by means of which the trains are drawn up and let down simultaneously. The projected railroad is to start from the Barriera dei Granilli, outside Naples, and, touching at San Sebastiano, Folieno, Trocchia, St. Anastasia, Somme, and Ottaiano, would meet the slope of Mount Vesuvius at Son Ouisepe. All this section is to be performed by common locomotive, the rope is then put on, and the ascent commences by the new plan. The whole length of the railway will be twenty-six kilometres (sixteen miles), three kilometres of which are on the slope; the time required between Naples and the crater is calculated at an hour and a quarter, and the whole cost of the line is estimated at about four millions of francs. The funicular system is no new invention—the improvements lie in the details. The company are very sanguine as to the result; they say that, as upwards of 40,000 travelers annually ascend the Righi for the sake of its fine view, they may expect more to go up Mount Vesuvius, which, owing to the sea, offers a far more magnificent view. The line has been traced along a part of the mountain where there never was any eruption yet; supposing one to occur, it would in the first place give ample notice of its coming, and secondly it could never cause damage requiring more than perhaps 10,000 francs for repairs.

Carpets and Rugs.

Carpets and rugs should be taken up and well beaten; the floor cleaned, when, if the carpets need cleansing, it will be the most convenient place to do it. A teacupful of ox gall in a bucket of hot water is one of the best liquids for scouring carpets, as it will take out grease and revive colors. Dissolve fuller's-earth in boiling water, and lay it on the grease spots, then scour them with a hard brush—a Manilla floor brush is best—dipped in the gall liquor, rinsing with clear water and a little gall. The regular scourers, however, lay the carpet on a heavy long table, out-of-doors in bright weather, put yellow soap on the grease spots, make a strong solution of soap, and scour the surface with it, yard by yard, brushing the way of the threads only, rinse with weak suds, and finish with a pailful of cold water in which enough vitriol is dissolved to make it taste slightly sour. This refreshes the colors and softens the wool. A tablespoonful of oil of vitriol to two pails of water is strong enough for the purpose. Each yard is rinsed as fast as it is cleansed, wiping off with old sheets that it may dry quickly. Indeed, scouring is not a thing to linger over. Articles must be washed without soaking, and dried at once, to keep the colors from injury.

The Illinois Farmers.

The Farmers Reform Convention met at Springfield, Ill. Seventy-one counties were represented by 269 delegates. The platform adopted contains a strong free-trade plank. The latter financial opinion of the body is in the following words: "We demand the repeal of our national banking laws, and believe the Government should supply a legal-tender currency directly from the Treasury interchangeable for Government bonds, bearing the lowest possible rate of interest." This provision met with a good deal of opposition, but finally passed by a very large vote. An effort was made to incorporate in the platform a resolution in regard to personal liberty as to what one may eat or drink, which was intended as a blow at the existing temperance law, but it failed.

A resolution was unanimously adopted congratulating the State of Wisconsin on having a Governor who dared to enforce the laws regulating railroad charges, and expressing the hope that in two years more Illinois will have a Governor who will be equally efficient in looking after the rights of the people and the enforcement of laws. A State ticket was nominated representing men who were allied to both the existing parties.

"Pray, madam, why did you name your old hen Macduff?" "Because, sir, I wanted her to lay on!"

XLIIId UNITED STATES CONGRESS.

IN THE SENATE.

MEDALS.

Mr. Scott, of Pa., from the Committee on Finance, reported a substitute for the House bill to authorize medals commemorating the one hundreth anniversary of the first meeting of the Continental Congress and of the Declaration of Independence. Passed.

DISTRICT COURTS.

Mr. Thurman, of Ohio, from the Judiciary Committee, reported, with amendments, the Senate bill authorizing any Circuit Judge to designate the time of holding the District or Circuit Court, and to designate a District Judge to attend and hold the court in a district not his own. Passed.

EXAMINING BOOKS.

The Senate amendment to the Moiety bill, authorizing the United States attorney to examine the books, invoices, or papers of defendants, was rejected by a vote of 21 yeas to 26 nays.

BILLS INTRODUCED.

Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, introduced a bill to abolish the Board of Indian Commissioners. Referred to the Committee on Indian Affairs.

THE MOIETY BILL.

The consideration of the Moiety bill was resumed, and another long debate took place, in the course of which a letter from A. T. Stewart, of New York, was read, giving his opinions as to what the provisions of the law should be; several amendments were agreed to, and finally the bill was passed—38 to 3, repealing the Moiety system as now carried on in the United States Custom Houses.

BILLS PASSED.

Mr. Sherman, of O., from the Committee on Finance, reported favorably on the House bill to admit free of duty articles intended for the international exhibition of 1876. Passed.

THE FINANCE BILL.

The report of the Conference Committee on the Finance bill was agreed to by a vote of 32 to 23.

THE CURRENCY BILL.

The resolution of the House, disagreeing to the Conference report on the Currency bill, was presented; Mr. Edmunds opposed the appointment of a new Conference Committee, and Mr. Sherman favored such action; after a discussion, a new Conference Committee was ordered, 38 to 17.

REMOVAL OF CAUSES FROM THE STATE COURTS.

Mr. Carpenter reported a substitute for the House bill regulating the removal of causes from the State courts to circuit courts of the United States.

Mr. Bayard moved to amend so as to provide that the section should not apply to cases of libel or slander. In support of the amendment, he said Washington City was the great headquarters for newspaper correspondents, and the section as proposed by the Judiciary Committee would permit the service upon them of processes as agents for the publishers of the papers which they represented. A paper might be sued in the District of Columbia simply by serving a process on its agent here. Rejected, 33 to 20.

Mr. Carpenter moved to amend the section so as to provide that a copy of the process served on an agent should be delivered to the principal of such agent anywhere in the United States. Agreed to.

The bill was then read a third time and passed—yeas 33, nays 22.

THE BANKRUPTCY BILL.

Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, from the Committee on Conference on the Bankrupt bill, made a report which was agreed to. He explained that as the bill passed the Senate it provided that a voluntary bankrupt should pay thirty-three per cent. of his indebtedness; as modified by the Conference Committee a voluntary bankrupt could be discharged upon the payment of thirty per centum of his indebtedness, with the consent of one-fourth of the number of creditors representing one-third of the value of indebtedness.

The Senate instructed the Committee on Appropriations to report an amendment to the River and Harbor bill for a survey of four routes from the Mississippi to the Atlantic.

THE ST. ALBANS RAID.

Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, introduced a bill to pay certain persons and corporations for losses sustained by the so-called St. Albans raid. It was reported to the Committee on Claims.

PREPAYMENT OF POSTAGE ON PRINTED MATTER.

Mr. Ramsey, from the Committee on Post-Offices and Post Roads, reported favorably the bill to provide for prepayment of postage on printed matter, and asked its immediate consideration; but objection was made, and it was placed on the calendar. This is the House bill without amendment.

IN THE HOUSE.

BILLS INTRODUCED.

To increase the revenues and restrain stock gambling; imposing a tax of 1-20 of 1 per cent. on all sales of stocks, bonds, gold, etc.

A NEW STATE.

Mr. Chaffee, of Col., moved to suspend the rules and pass the bill for the admission of Colorado as a state. Passed—yeas 170; nays 65.

CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

Mr. Butler, of Mass., moved to suspend the rules and take from the Speaker's table the Senate Civil Rights bills, and refer it to the Judiciary Committee, with the right to report at any time. Rejected 136 to 86; not two-thirds in the affirmative.

REPORTED BACK.

Mr. Dawes, of Mass., from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported back adversely various bills, including the following:

To abolish the tax on cigars, tobacco, and snuff; to remit the duties on certain goods destroyed by fire in the Boston conflagration; to repeal the tax on deposits in savings banks; to repeal the act of March 18th, 1869, "to strengthen the public credit;" to repeal taxes on distilled spirits and tobacco; for the issue of convertible bonds; to impose an income tax; to remove all internal taxes from apple brandy; to repeal the duty on salt.

THE GENEVA AWARD BILL.

The Butler substitute for the Geneva Award bill against allowing the insurance companies to take part in the award was, after an excited and personal debate, passed by a vote of 132 to 101. By this vote the claims of the insurance companies for losses sustained are omitted from the bill.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

Mr. Eldridge, of Wis., moved to suspend the rules and make in order to the Civil Appropriation bill an item of $75,000 for the Washington Monument. Negatived by yeas 148; nays 84, not two-thirds in the affirmative.

Mr. Maynard, of Tenn., said the Committee on the Washington Monument had intended to ask a small appropriation for a monument to the mother of Washington at Fredericksburg, but in view of the vote just taken the committee would not now submit the proposition.

BILLS PASSED.

The bill appropriating $500,000 for the relief of persons suffering from the overflow of the lower Mississippi river, of the Tombigbee, Warrior, and Alabama rivers, and of the Tennessee river, the authority of the Secretary to expire on the first of September next, was passed.

The bill amending act for construction of a railroad from the Missouri to the Pacific, was passed as it came from the House.

The Senate passed the bill providing for the publication of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

CIVIL SERVICE.

The House refused to vote any more money for civil service reform, by a vote of 48 yeas to 108 nays.

THE CURRENCY BILL.

In the House, after considerable discussion, the report of the Conference Committee on the Moiety bill was made; the Senate amendments were voted on without discussion, and a new Conference Committee was ordered; the Conference report on the Currency bill was then made, and after a short debate it was rejected, 108 to 146, and a new Committee ordered, 199 to 58.

CIVIL APPROPRIATIONS.

The Sundry Civil appropriation bill, which appropriates $25,000,000, (some $9,000,000 less than last session) was passed by the House, after being before the Committee of Whole for four days.

THE CHOCTAW CLAIM.

The proposition to pay the Choctaw Indians $2,000,000, for 10,000,000 acres of land, which was awarded by the Senate in 1858, was sharply discussed in the House and finally laid over till next session.

ANOTHER POTOMAC BRIDGE.

The Senate bill appropriating $145,000 for a bridge across the Potomac near the Navy Yard, was passed.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR DELEGATES TO CONGRESS.

Mr. Smith, of New York, reported a bill providing that nobody shall be a delegate in the House of Representatives from any Territory who shall not have attained the age of twenty-five years and been more than a citizen of the United States, and who shall not be an inhabitant of the Territory, and no person who is guilty either of bigamy or polygamy is to be eligible.

WAR CLAIMS.

Mr. Lawrence, of Ohio, reported a bill extending to the 4th of July, 1875, the time within which petitions for allowances may be presented to the Southern Claims Commission, and providing for the appointment of two additional Commissioners. The bill passed.

LAND SOLD FOR DIRECT TAXES IN THE SOUTH.

Mr. Beck, of Kentucky, moved to suspend the rules and pass the bill for the relief of the owners and purchasers of land sold for direct taxes in insurrectionary States, which was agreed to.

Astonishing.—Few persons are aware of the time, talent, and expense necessary to develop and perfect an invention. The new Wheeler & Wilson No. 6 Sewing Machine, advertised in our columns, has already cost that Company over $300,000, and to bring it well before the public will require $200,000 more. It costs as much to design, construct and introduce a perfect sewing machine as to launch a first-class ocean steamship.

Proof Positive.—(First young lady.) "But what on earth makes you think I am in love with Mr. Smith?" (Second young lady.) "Because you are always talking about Mr. Brown."

Colorado.

Colorado to-day is the centre of the best, as well as the largest emigration from the United States. And with reason, for both in the way of geographical position, internal resources and capacity for diversified industry, it stands at the head of all the Territories.

Geographically, Colorado is in the very van of the column of solid migration, being the westward front of that great tier of prosperous commonwealths which belt the Union—Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado. Emigration always moves in straight lines—the population of any one climate, soil, or temperature following its parallel of latitude. This has been the uniform history of settlement in this country.

Colorado, however, will have the advantage of her older sisters, in that while their settlement was slow, fortuitous and disintegrated, her's is rapid organized and systematis—while their's was the work of individuals, her's s the work of great organizations, supported by experience, capital and combination. She begins at a point the others only reached after a generation.

Already her condition reveals her vantage ground and demonstrates her position as the leader of the great column of the Middle States.

Colorado is even now an exceptionally favored territory for any one thinking of going West to settle. Society is already established there; railway communication with the Atlantic and Pacific States is direct and good; the territorial government economically organized and honestly administered, exempting the settlers from onerous taxation. Witness the following items:

Taxes.—There were no territorial taxes laid in 1873.

Public Debt.—There is no territorial debt, and a balance of $18,172.19 in the treasury.

Schools.—The educational facilities of the Territory are first-class. The common school system is well organized. There are good ladies', theological, conventual, and boys' schools. There is a college at Colorado Springs.

The Press.—There are 7 daily and 36 other papers published in Colorado.

Banks.—There are 27 banks.

Telegraph.—There are 1,018 miles.

SOUTHERN COLORADO.

Southern Colorado is the richest, most fertile, and mildest tempered section of the great Territory of Colorado. It is a State within itself of magnificent proportions, incalculable natural resources, and a diversity of soil and climate, and a capacity for agricultural, pastural, mining, manufacturing, and commercial development which render it self-supporting.

Lying south of the Great Divide it is the most genial climate of all Colorado.

The Arkansas, the greatest river running from the Rocky Mountains, gives it the richest valley and strongest water power in Colorado.

Embracing in its limits the South Park and San Juan country, it covers the richest mining districts of the Territory, its minerals being not merely gold and silver, but coal, iron, copper, marble, petroleum.

PUEBLO.

The capital city of this great region is Pueblo, located on the old trading route of the Santa Fe trail, just where the ancient highway crossed and the trunk line of railway now crosses the Arkansas river.

Pueblo is an old, well-established point. It has been a missionary station, a trading post, a military fort, and is now a thriving Western town. Its location has been determined by the established routes of travel for over a century. It has therefore a solid foundation. It is now a railway center. Five roads, two built and three building, converge here. At this point will stand the

GREAT CENTRAL CITY OF THE FAR WEST.

In every respect of centrality, climate, local situation, position with reference to North, South, East and West, Pueblo is destined to become the great commercial city of the Rocky Mountains. For one thousand miles along the base of the mountain range there is no point equal to it as a commercial centre.

SOUTH PUEBLO.

The systematic development of Pueblo towards this, its own proper position, is now going on under the auspices of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, who have opened to Colony settlement and improvement the land on the south bank of the Arkansas, heretofore unoccupied by reason of the want of capital in Colorado to construct the great irrigating canal necessary to supply water.

South Pueblo has been regularly laid out and platted, streets opened and graded, 10,000 trees planted along the avenues and public squares, a large park laid out and planted, bridges built, and all the foundations for a prosperous town broadly and intelligently laid. The streets are 100 feet wide, the central boulevard 150 feet. Acequias, or miniature canals, run along the front of each sidewalk.

The main work, however, is the great irrigating canal, 20 miles in length, which has already been built at a cost of $90,000.

This canal covers and waters a tract of 10,000 acres, and this tract constitutes the colony settlement of South Pueblo.

South Pueblo differs from the generality of towns just starting, in having already established railway, telegraph, and express and postal connections with the entire country.

The old town of Pueblo is located on the north bank of the river, and just opposite South Pueblo, being connected by four completed bridges and a horse railway.

Colonists, in addition to the facilities of the new town, will have all the advantages in the way of markets, society, &c., afforded by the old town.

South Pueblo is not an experiment. One thousand people are now on the colony grounds

The title is clear and simple, confirmed by a recent act of Congress, and now in the trustees of the Company.

John Edgar Thompson, Philadelphia,
President Pennsylvania R. R. Co.
Samuel M. Felton, Philadelphia,
Late President P., W. & B. R. R. Co.
Louis H. Meyer, Banker, New York.

Schools, Churches, &c.—Large reservations have been and will be made for school, church, park, and other public purposes.

Expenses of Emigration.—Persons holding certificates of membership, who apply at an early date, will secure passage and freights on household goods, from the East to South Pueblo, at greatly reduced rates.

These prices now are about as follows for *first-class* tickets:

From Philadelphia to South Pueblo	$66
From Cincinnati to South Pueblo	48
From Chicago to South Pueblo	45
From Omaha to South Pueblo	32
From St. Louis to South Pueblo	40
From Liverpool to South Pueblo	£25

These rates are